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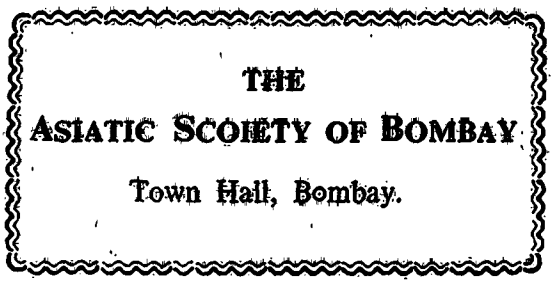


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# MUSICAL AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

DURING

## HALF A CENTURY.

BY

HENRY PHILLIPS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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# MUSICAL AND PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

## CHAPTER I.

During my early association with the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall, when Mr. Perry was leader, and Mr. Surman conductor, the oratorios more nearly approached the acknowledged mode of performance, than at any subsequent period. We had then no modern readings; and though I candidly confess that the precision, and wonderfully increased orchestral effect, is greater now than it ever was, still, having been accustomed to a certain conventional mode, it is most difficult to reconcile oneself to the change: and it certainly is a

question, after all, whether the change be for the better.

It was in this early stage of the society that a gentleman, by his evident energy and appreciation of the classical works performed, became (I believe unconsciously) the most prominent of the vocal throng. He seemed by his vast conception to lead all about him, until at times you might almost fancy you could single out his voice. This young man was Mr. Bowley, that active and valuable member of the society, whose name is now prominent before the public, as the director, and manager of affairs, at the Crystal Palace.

A similar instance of talent being singled out of the ranks, occurred in a young violinist, who always formed one of the orchestra of the Philharmonic, Antient Concerts, and Musical Festivals. It is true you could not hear him; but his mode of bowing, his energy, and peculiar action, when arriving at any great or prominent passage, made the spectator at once put faith in his passion for music, and skill in its execution.

This young man was Mr. Ella, the founder of the finest chamber concerts in Europe; need we then, who have to rise in the world, be abashed at our humble commencements?

When the misunderstanding arose between Mr. Surman and the Sacred Harmonic Society, a new conductor was appointed, and this was Mr. Costa. I had known him for many years, in fact since he first visited this country, and was engaged at the Birmingham Musical Festival when on two of the evenings they had extracts from the Italian operas at the theatre, with scenery and dresses. In one of them 'La donna de Lago,' Mr. Costa appeared as the tenor, but did not, from want of physical power, produce much effect. He gradually rose, however, to what he has since become, one of the most renowned orchestral conductors in Europe. His position, when appointed to the Sacred Harmonic was one of *extreme difficulty*, on account of the rigid, and severe school, he was suddenly plunged into, and of its being of so opposite a character to the stage direction, to which he had

till then been accustomed. That he is a man of great genius cannot be denied, or he could not have conformed to so opposite a character of music in such an incredibly short space of time. It is truly marvellous, to witness the immense number of vocalists, and instrumentalists, guided by his single arm, as if they were but one voice and one mind.

I have often thought it a great pity, when the celebrated statue of Handel by Roubilliac was brought to the hammer, and sold by Mr. Squibb, in Saville Row, on the 16th March, 1833, for two hundred and five guineas, that the Sacred Harmonic did not purchase it, in place of its being bought by Mr. Brown of University Street. I presume the society was not then rich enough, being only in its infancy. Walpole says this statue fixed Roubilliac's fame, and was executed about a century ago for Jonathan Tyers, Esq., the then proprietor of Vauxhall Gardens, where it was first placed, being repeatedly spoken of in the popular works of the day. It then descended to the possession

of Jonathan Tyers Barrett, Esq., whose representatives, in order to effect a division of property, directed it to be sold.

The re-arrangement of the orchestra under Mr. Costa was a very important one, and reforms took place, which, no doubt, added materially to the effect of the whole. To begin, there was no leader, only a first violin; so that the whole responsibility devolved on the conductor. The instruments were also better placed, being more graduated and more concentrated; for I can remember very well when the principal double bass and violoncello were placed together at the same desk, and others of less note, in a totally different part of the orchestra, with perhaps half-a-dozen violins between them and the audience. How could they hear, see, or understand the precision required to create a perfect whole? Now all the bassi and violoncelli are in a row in front, the more acute violins immediately behind, while the wind instruments are ranged in equal progression. This was a great step towards rendering all more perfect, and the sub-

sequent advance has been proportionate. I could point out other improvements due to Mr. Costa; as, for instance, in the two quartetts in the third part of the Messiah, 'Since by man came death,' it was usual in former times merely to give the chord on the organ, and leave the singers to begin precisely at the same time if they could, but which too frequently they could not. This, however, was not left to chance by Mr. Costa; the bar was beat by him, and the vocalists of necessity began at the same moment.

Mr. Surman having been released, or, rather, dispensed with, as conductor, endeavoured to establish a body of his own, called "The London Sacred Harmonic Society;" but how could an individual hope to vie with a number of men who had struggled so long, and so successfully carried out such a vast undertaking? The result was unfortunate, and the original fabric stands erect and unshaken by passing events. Exeter Hall brings many recollections to me, at which I wonder and think, Did I really do this? Was it

possible? Why did I not refuse? The great hall was, I may say, next door to the English Opera House, and many times when I had represented Hela in Barnett's Opera of 'The Mountain Sylph' on a hot summer's night, my face covered with grease and painted all over a dark earthy brown, have I left the stage in a fearful heat, washed my face and neck in a basin of almost boiling water, dressed for the concert room, ran breathless to Exeter Hall, heard in the street the last chords of 'I know that my Redeemer,' run up the steep flight of steps, entered the orchestra, and sung 'The trumpet shall sound,' as if I had been nursed for the occasion for the last four-and twenty hours. It is astonishing what excitement will do, and it is deplorable in the life of a professional man to know what helplessness in a few hours after such agitation and responsibility visits his constitution: excitement is the soul of our professional career. We could not sing with the same energy night after night during the run of an opera, or sing in a concert room the same

song for a whole season, unless excited by a change of audience.

If the public could once be made aware of what they lose by a moderate enthusiasm, we should have no apathetic assemblages. As a lamp is fed with oil, so must a singer be fed with applause, or the wheels will revolve sluggishly, and but little knowledge of its value will be obtained. As I before observed, with us excitement is everything; and we do not ourselves know what we can do, until goaded or spurred by absolute necessity.

This is illustrated by Charles Dibdin, in a very droll story he tells in one of his letters, when music and dancing, with some few additions, had a wonderful effect, under very trying circumstances:—

"When one of our men-of-war was cruising off a foreign coast, a couple of officers were particularly anxious to have a day's shooting, and asked permission to go ashore. The captain, not knowing whether the tribes inhabiting those regions were friendly or not, could only be pre-

vailed on to give his consent, on their taking an escort of some half-dozen seamen and their boatswain—a man of great courage and determination. Having at length settled these preliminaries, the party left early in the morning for a few hours' stroll—the boat, of course, waiting their return. The party, nine in number, landed. They entered the forest, duly notching the trees to find their way back. Having plenty of shot, they brought down abundance of game, and went forward most joyously till they emerged on a vast plain, surrounded on all sides by this dense forest. In an instant, as if by magic, they were encountered by hundreds of naked savages, painted, tattooed, armed, and looking them steadily in the face. Thus they stood staring at each other with mutual wonder, till, after the lapse of a few minutes, a tall, powerful-looking man stepped forward, and beckoned the party to advance. They hesitated—but what was to be done? to run was certain destruction; so they obeyed the mandate of this fierce-looking chief—which he evidently was, and came nearer

to the wild throng. They were then motioned to sit down, when the chief began a long, dismal song, at the end of which he drew his tomahawk, and flourishing it in the air, commenced a most eccentric and alarming dance, still flourishing his hatchet, and passing it every moment close to the ears of the poor fellows seated on the grass. Almost immediately he was joined by others, who howled, danced, pointed their arrows and lances, seeming to threaten instant death. This fearful orgie having terminated, they returned into the mass, the chief only left standing prominently and alone. 'What's to be done?" said the officers; "they evidently expect something from us.' 'I have it,' said William, the boatswain, rising from the ground; 'I'll tip um one of our sea songs.' With this, he stood boldly before them and sang, 'Jack dances and sings, and is always the same,' &c.; at which they appeared to nod approval. 'Now,' said Bill, 'for the dance. Dick has got his fiddle—out with it, and tune up a hornpipe.' He did. Bill danced for his very life, and the

rest joined in till they had scarcely a leg to stand on. This over, Bill went up to the chief, called him all the abominable names he could lay his tongue to, spat in his face, and gave him a broadside right between the eyes, which felled him like an ox. Some Indians ran to his assistance, and raised him up; when, although he seemed to think their behaviour rather odd, he shook hands with the whole party, and they parted in peace, thanking their stars that music and dancing had graced the arts of civilization, and saved their lives."

Mr. French, of Windsor, of whom I have spoken in a former chapter, induced me to become an autograph collector, and through him I obtained an introduction to Dawson Turner, of Yarmouth, and Mr. Upcott, of London, both celebrated men in this sphere of literature. I began with all the energy of a young enthusiast, but before long discovered, that my task was an endless one. I was in fact drifting to a ruinous expenditure, without any good or definite object in view; for I did not see to what end my accu-

mulation of letters was to lead: so I resolved to break up the whole affair, and merely retain a few autographs of poet sand musicians. Though I had thus determined to break the spell, my desire to accumulate all that was interesting and inexpensive with regard to my profession remained. Having early in life purchased the most perfect collection of Dibdin's songs in many volumes, originally in the possession of Dr. Kitchener, I thought I would gather the written opinions of our most eminent musical men on the merits of this gifted man as a poet, melodist, and musician; and these letters form a volume the most unique and valuable in the autograph musical world, in relation to Charles Dibdin. I here insert a few, which will give some idea of the others:—

FROM JOHN PARRY, THE ELDER.

Nov. 30, 1840.

"*Charles Dibdin, the Ocean Bard, born* 1745, *died* 1814; *aged* 69.

"My opinion of the late Charles Dibdin is, that he was a poet and musician of nature, and his verses and

melodies came into the world spontaneously, and most lovingly together: indeed, he frequently told me (for I knew him well) that most of his songs were written and composed in his mind at the same time; and many of them were sung by him in public before a word or a note had been put upon paper. In my account of the Melodist's Club, I spoke of Dibdin as the Ocean Bard, whose songs, breathing morality and religion, were so many irresistible appeals to the heart, inspiring even the most illiterate with noble and generous sentiments, and exciting them to those acts of loyalty, bravery, and patriotism, which in the most arduous of her struggles maintained and confirmed the honour and glory of the British empire.

"As a scientific musician I cannot say that Dibdin could be considered; but as a melodist he stands, in my opinion, unrivalled, when we remember that he composed upwards of *twelve hundred songs*. Few persons can sing Dibdin's songs as he meant them to be sung. He rendered the music a true echo to the sense and sentiment of the words. He never introduced meretricious roulades; he never put a pair of modern pantaloons on an ancient statue, but he inspired every one with unspeakable delight by the feeling and expression with which he sang his matchless productions.

"JOHN PARRY,
"*Editor of Welsh and Scotch Melodies.*"

The next, of interest, is a singular letter from Dr. Crotch, the composer of the Oratorio of

'Palestine.' I believe the Doctor was so absorbed with the classic portion of his art, that he gave little thought to musicians of any other grade.

"24, Bedford Place, Kensington,
"December 7th, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"If Charles Dibdin was the author of 'The Padlock,' and of a great variety of sea songs and other comic ballads, I always considered him as a very original and amusing poet and composer, and once endeavoured to procure a complete collection of his songs; but it strikes me this was Tom Dibdin. Now if Charles Dibdin is another composer, I am sorry it is out of my power to give you my opinion of his merits, as I am unacquainted with his productions.

"I am, my dear Sir,
"Yours, very truly,
"WILLIAM CROTCH."

This is a strange jumble of ideas; as Tom Dibdin was a dramatist, rather an inferior poet, and I believe never wrote a melody in his life. At all events, there was no melody in his features; he was a witty man, but coarse, and forbidding in his manner.

Here is a letter from the veritable John Parry, which is very interesting :—

"November 25th, 1848.

"My Dear Sir,

"Some hundred years ago, when I was a good little boy, I formed one of a juvenile party given at a friend's house, on which occasion (but, as it proved afterwards, not for that night only) I was called upon to sing, between the farce and burlesque which were performed, a something very funny! Not knowing exactly what to do, I was ruminating in my own mind, when by chance I saw open on my good father's desk, 'Songs by Charles Dibdin,' and amongst them one entitled 'A Littel.' I learnt it off, and, of course, on the curtain going up, or rather the large green table-cover tumbling down, sung it. I was very nervous, &c., &c., but I was so loudly encored and complimented, I may really say, from that moment almost, I *did* funny songs and the facetious in private, until I appeared in public, with the trio, 'Buffo Italiano,' and, 'Wanted a Governess.'

"It has often occurred to me, when I have been singing, how even every-day sentences, sayings, or sentiments, if *naturally* delivered, always produce their immediate result, the most pleasurable sensation. And who has done more in appealing to the sense and to the heart than our unequalled countryman, Charles Dibdin. I may say, indeed, I owe 'a littel' to him for my present (I hope to be forgiven by any of the brethren of the

legitimate school) professional career, although, perhaps, my historical romances, extravaganzas, and buffo scenas, may not be considered strictly classical.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Yours, very sincerely,

"JOHN PARRY.

"17, Tavistock Street,
"Bedford Square.
P.S.—Excuse haste. 'Tis post meridian, 4·30."

These letters, which are interesting to musical men, are at once an evidence how universally Dibdin was admired, and how, both as a melodist and poet, we may consider him such as we may never meet with again; for, the mode of naval warfare being so altered, there is not the same incentive to such themes; and I much fear that the national character may also lose much of its freshness under existing circumstances. An English sailor does not like skulking behind iron plates, or delight in the sinking of an enemy's ship, without daring to show his face. His delight is to look steadily at his foe, to rush at him, conquer him, and tug him bound and humbled into harbour. The new

mode of fighting will never create another Dibdin. Some considerable portion of my reputation as a concert singer has been made by the singing of his songs—'Twas post meridian,' 'Twas in the good ship Rover,' 'Tom Bowling,' 'Bleak was the morn,' 'I pocket de guinea a littell,' 'I'm jolly Dick the lamplighter,' &c., &c. These songs, I sang as near the manner of Dibdin, as any one I believe since his time, having been taught to do so by my mother, who knew him intimately. I have observed some singers of modern times alter the poetry of his songs, under the impression that they rendered it more refined; but what an absurdity! Thus in that most charming song, 'Poor Jack,' in the verse which commences:—

"Why, I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
When next we weighed anchor for sea,
'What argifies sniv'ling and piping your eye,
Why, what a *damn'd* fool you must be!'"

one refined and prudish vocalist has thought proper to sing:—

"What argifies sniv'ling and piping your eye,
Why, what a *great* fool you must be!"

Need I say that the entire charm of the verse is thus extinguished, and its character is destroyed; for the oath is not intended to convey any irreligious feeling, but is merely a habit of speech peculiar to the man-of-warsman, and does not approach any similar expression used by a landsman.

In a similar manner, I have smiled to hear ladies, when singing 'Wapping old stairs,' say—

"Your waistcoat I'd wash,
And your grog too I made"—

instead of—

"Your *trousers* I'd wash."

I have no patience with such over refinement.

One evening, when I had given my selection of the songs of Charles Dibdin, a gentleman was introduced to me, who passed many compliments on my singing of his songs, and related to me the following anecdote in connexion with the

bard. He said, "Your especial notice of Charles Dibdin's 'Lamplighter,' has induced me to relate a circumstance which may at a future time be interesting to your auditors.

"One evening in 1790, my father, who was on intimate terms of friendship with Dibdin, brought me (then a boy) to his apartments in the Strand. He was under the hair-dresser's hands, in a cloud of powder, preparing for his night's entertainment. During the operation he talked of wanting a new subject. Many were the ideas started, when suddenly the jar of the illuminator's ladder sounded against the lamp iron. 'The lamplighter!' he exclaimed, 'a good notion!' and forthwith he began humming and fingering on his knee. When his coiffure was duly arranged—no slight affair in those days—he stepped to the piano, and speedily finished the words and the music together. We accompanied him to the theatre, where 'The Lamplighter' was that night sung, and took its place among poor old Charles' most favourite productions."

What amazing nerve Dibdin must have possessed, and what a genius he must have been, to so instantly hit upon a theme, turn it to a certain purpose, compose the music, and sing it that very evening before a crowded audience.

In addition to the musical parties we had at Mr. Cartwright's in Old Burlington Street, we were continually invited to most agreeable meetings at Mr. Bates' apartments in Somerset House, in the Strand, at Mr. Leete's, in Bridge Street, Westminster, and at Mr. Linley's Chambers in Holborn. These were all of a highly intellectual character, and did much to advance the rising talent of the day, the persons assembled, being frequently the immediate friends or relations, of the subscribing members or directors of the Antient Concerts. Mr. Bates was the immediate descendant of Joah Bates, and one of a very musical family, devoted to the Handelian school. Miss Sarah Bates was a very charming and beautiful girl; she was the first person who inspired me with *serious*

*thoughts;* and though I never ventured so far as to say "Will you?"—I have frequently hesitated—but in cowardly fear of something like "What are you thinking about?"—I retreated after each advance; the fates had not so ordained it, and possibly the Bates too.

Linley, the amateur, a relative of the celebrated Sheridan family, had then charming little parties in his Chambers, of some six or eight leading men of our profession, such as Horsley, Greatorex, Elliott, Knyvett, and so forth, while Mr. Leete entertained us hospitably likewise. This latter gentleman was a sort of amphibious professor,—he was a professor and was not; he was an amateur and yet accepted professional engagements. He held a lucrative office in the customs, and had the musical direction of many of the companies' halls in the city. He possessed an excellent baritone voice, and had a most gentlemanly address. For many years he resided in Bridge Street, Westminster, with his sister, and was believed to be in affluent circumstances; that is, he was always considered a ten or fifteen

thousand pound man. His parties were very agreeable re-unions—music, cards, and an excellent supper afterwards. He was (I must not forget, for it bears upon my narrative) a first rate horseman, and owned a blood mare of high spirit, on which he rode into the city every morning, dashing through all the carriages at the evident risk of his life and limbs, and even beating the twopenny post boys, who then rode the swift, though most wretched-looking, animals, over the stones in the metropolis.

It was on one of the festive occasions above mentioned, that, on sitting down to a substantial, and I may say elegant supper, at which many ladies were present, the conversation turned upon excellence as an equestrian. I had long been noted for my unskilful knowledge of the art, having for years practised and been ambitious to ride, but from some unexplained cause never being able to keep my seat, but invariably falling off the saddle like a sack of flour the instant the horse got out of a walk. Here was

an excellent theme for the pleasantry of my musical friends—not a little stimulated by the presence of my most intimate acquaintance, little Dr. Smith, of 2, Dowgate Hill, City, who first taught me to throw a fly. He was an extraordinary person, who could do anything—a well-practised surgeon; a first-class fly-fisher; a capital whip; a good horseman; a surprising shot; I am not quite sure that he could not dance on the tight rope, and jump over the monument; he knew my failing, and the result of my horse practice, and a vivid portrait of my want of ability was consequently held up as a capital jest to the assembled company. Ladies being present, I did not like to be considered unable to ride; so threw down my gauntlet and said "That they were all in error, and that I would ride with any of them."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Leete, "then I think you had better ride with me next week to Brighton."

"With all my heart," replied I.

"And I'll join you," said Dr. Smith.

" Good," said I, " and let him who fails give a champagne breakfast to all present."

This proposition was hailed with joy by the entire party. This was on a Wednesday evening, and our journey was appointed for the following Monday, when we were to breakfast at Mr. Leete's lodgings, order our horses to his door, and start as near ten o'clock as possible. No one there, believed me serious, but *I was;* and we separated for the evening.

Next morning very early, a bracing September morning, I hastened to a riding school in Westminster, to take my lesson. A beautiful horse was brought into the ring, and forthwith I mounted, being duly instructed which leg to put first in the stirrup, how to twist my fingers in the mane of the horse, and then give a spring just sufficient to seat me in the saddle, and no more. This I accomplished, and went round and round the ring very pleasantly till the master being called out on some business, had no sooner left the place than the horrid wretch gave a kick which sent me flying nearly up to

the ceiling, and laid me stunned and sprawling in the sawdust beneath.

Nothing daunted I had another horse brought out, and rode nearly all that day, and Friday, and Saturday, till I could neither stand or sit. The Monday morning came. I had ordered a famous cream-coloured great coat with a large cape, and a safe horse was to be at Mr. Leete's door exactly at ten. Precisely at nine, the appointed hour, I arrived to breakfast with my white coat and whip, to the surprise of all, for no one believed I would fulfil my promise. We made a rare hearty breakfast, my incredulous friends still not believing that my horse would arrive, when the servant announced three horses at the door. Miss Leete, Mr. Leete, and Dr. Smith were in amazement. I said, "I'd mount first," and down stairs I went, the lady and two gentlemen looking out of the first-floor window, to convince themselves that I really was in earnest. It was one of those dreadful days never witnessed any where but in London, when a Scotch mist falls lazily, a hot fog hides the opposite houses, and

the roads look like rivers of filthy mud; but what was mist, and fog, and mud to me? I should soon be above the mud, and my swift courser would convey me to a more clear and more healthy atmosphere.

With these exhilarating thoughts, I stepped up to the horse, put my foot in the stirrup, grasped the mane of the horse, gave a youthful spring for the saddle, and fell flat on the other side lengthways in the mud. Here was an exhibition. My white coat became suddenly black, my hat was knocked in, my face was scarcely to be recognised, and in this state I was taken in to dry, to be scraped, to be encouraged to mount again, and to use less vigour and more discretion next time. With the help of a blazing kitchen fire, I soon got sufficiently dry to remount; but no sooner was I seated than I discovered they had not sent me the horse I had selected, but a great, broad-backed brute, that made my legs nearly touch each side of Westminster Bridge as we passed over. We were now all mounted; my friends, and Miss Leete had recovered from

their hysterical laughter, at the unfortunate accident which had just befallen me, and we started fairly on our journey. We walked our horses till we reached the Elephant and Castle, and then began a gentle trot, when bob went my horse's head, till it nearly touched the ground, and all but pulled me over. "This horse has some very awkward tricks," I said; "and he's so fat I really can't stride him." A few yards more, and he made a false step, bringing us both nearly on our noses. Every twenty or thirty yards this was repeated, till my arms ached fearfully. I saw it was next to an impossibility to keep him on his legs till we got to Brighton. We had passed through Croydon, entered the Downs, and got within sight of a place they call Smithy's Bottom, when down came my friend, over his head I shot, and both lay, still looking at each other, in perfect wonderment. My spirit was broken, and so were my horse's knees—both of them; and, accordingly, we entered the little roadside inn, to which place, Dr. Smith, seeing the probability of some failure, had sent

his horse and phaeton, in which, after lunch, we completed our journey to Brighton. Dr. Smith and I in the carriage, Mr. Leete still on his mare, having landed safely at the Albion, misfortunes again came upon me—and my musical recollections of our next morning's breakfast were long remembered by us all. I was at that time under a three years' engagement to Mr. Bunn, at Drury Lane Theatre, and, by our agreement, bound not to leave London without his permission, under a penalty of £100. When I started on my Brighton tour, Malibran was playing in the 'Somnambula,' and with a success that promised many nights' performance, so I ventured on this expedition, hoping to have at least three or four days' recreation, without saying a word to Mr. Bunn. Next morning, at breakfast, I took up one of the local papers, and, to my horror, read the following paragraph.

"Our town is just now particularly favoured by the presence of three of our most popular vocalists, Miss Stephens, Mr. Braham, and Mr. Henry Phillips."

This was quite enough. The next coach must convey me to London—and thus I was compelled to bid adieu to those friends and scenes I had laboured so hard to obtain a glimpse of, and to the sea breeze I had hoped so much to enjoy.

## CHAPTER II.

HAVING reached London, without any one, except that villainous Brighton editor taking any notice of my absence from it, I was again at ease, and took solemn and silent oaths never to go outside a horse again.

It was, I think, in 1840, that Rossini's 'Stabat Mater' first became known in this country; the manuscript parts of which were in Sir George Smart's hands. A party of us were invited to try it over at his residence, 91, Great Portland Street. A select audience of the best amateurs and gentlemen of the press, assembled to hear it; and our task, to sing such music from most indistinctly written copies, was by no means an

easy one. However, we got tolerably through it, and were all impressed, as we have been ever since, with the magnificent composition. It was almost immediately performed at the St. James's Theatre, conducted by Gabussi, the principal singers being Demoiselles Lutzer and Pacini, Signor Mario, and Standgl. We were now growing rich in modern oratorios and sacred works, having, in addition to Handel and Haydn, Beethoven's 'Mount of Olives,' Sphor's 'Last Judgment,' 'Crucifixion,' 'Fall of Babylon,' and Mendelssohn's 'St. Paul.' During the active career of Mr. Edward Taylor, Sphor's oratorios were much more frequently heard than now. Why this should be, when our taste for, and appreciation of, classical music is said to be greater and more refined than at any former period, I cannot tell, unless it is that it is fancied they are not attractive. If this is really the case, some society should take the matter up, and have these works read—for I have no hesitation in declaring that the 'Last Judgment,' is, from the beginning to its termination, the finest, most solemn, and

most sacred oratorio ever composed. It is a sublime inspiration!

Sphor visited this country twice during my recollection. He was a tall, unwieldly-looking person, with a remarkably little, ugly wife, the contrast between the two being positively *ridiculous*. He was as a violinist, no doubt, admirable, though I confess I could not admire his performance—first, because the instrument looked like a mere toy in his gigantic hands; and, secondly, because his bowing was not of that free character which I had been accustomed to see in such artists as Paganini, François Cramer, and Mori. His features, moreover, were not indicative of great genius—they were not lit up by that fire and animation which are observable in most men of large developement. He was wofully unlike Mendelssohn, with his brilliant eye, and quick perception. In the same way, Hummel resembled anything but a man of genius, being heavy and sombre, at no time depressed or elevated. Who would believe this, when listening to his charming and animated music?

Referring to classical music, I must not omit to mention the most perfect musical and scenic production ever, perhaps, witnessed on any stage, namely, 'Acis and Galatea,' with Handel's music. This was brought out when Mr. Macready was lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, the first representation being on Saturday evening, 5th February, 1842. Mr. Stanfield and assistants painted the scenery, Mr. T. Cooke arranged the introductory music, and the serenata was thus cast:—Cupid, Miss Gould; Acis, Miss P. Horton; Damon, Mr. Allen; Polyphemus, myself; Galatea, Miss Romer; and one of the Sicilian Shepherds, our now *famous* Sims Reeves. Take it altogether, I may consider this the greatest event in my theatrical and musical career; the music of Handel, the poetry of Gay, the painting of Stanfield, and the directing mind of Macready, formed an assemblage, never met with before. There was but one blot, but one difficulty to get over, and that, of course, was me—unfortunate me—the everlasting turnstile, the five-barred gate, the

wide, deep ditch—I always fell in for the difficulty; how was the giant Polyphemus to be represented? By nature I was not tall, by art I must overstep Gulliver himself; the mechanist racked his brain, and at length—yes, literally at length, produced a series of limbs that my person was doomed to be enshrouded in. Limbs there were many, but lungs not any, and my voice was not at any period of a Stentorian character, yet people had got an idea that I sang 'Oh, ruddier than the cherry,' better than any man living. The impression was most erroneous; of all Handel's songs, it was the least within my power. I failed to make the public believe it, and so they tolerated (for I cannot call it anything else) my singing of the music. On the occasion of the first dress rehearsal, my disguise was brought down into the green-room, and I prepared to try it on. It consisted of two legs with shoes, one body, two arms, and a head and neck; the soles of the shoes were some six or eight inches thick, so I was first told to put on my legs; that accomplished, I

was wonderfully raised (but not in my own estimation); the next thing was to lace on my body, padded and stuffed to an *intolerable* degree; then my arms were fastened on; and lastly, my head. I was to sing through a gash in the neck, and look through the mouth. Not content with placing me in a position which had, for want of breathing-room, nearly terminated my existence, a thick dirty wire ran down one side of my cheeks, and scratched my chest, which I was to pull very often, to make my one eye turn round, and seem anxiously agitated. The perspiration rolled from my forehead like a succession of avalanches. How I walked or sang was to me a mystery ever after. As the summer came on the suffocation became greater; I grew thin, weak, and at last gave it up in despair, and my friend Standgl had a try. How long he continued it I never enquired, for I was only too glad to escape from the former intimacy with Mr. Acis and Miss Galatea. It was this Serenata, and Comus (another splendid production of Mr. Macready's)

that the choristers were first taught to act singly or in groups, producing a rich, harmonious picture, the effect of which was marvellous. The third production was 'Arthur and Emeline,' with Purcell's music, in which Sims Reeves sang 'Come, if you dare,' with all that splendid tone and energy now so universally admired all over Europe. How difficult it is to make an English audience believe they have really a great man before them until they are told it *is so* over and over again; the English rarely judge for themselves, unless it is in jumping off the Monument or walking into the Thames.

At one period, or, I ought rather to say, at this, when any great work was produced, I would at any cost get the publisher to print me a copy with a larger margin than any other. This I did with Acis and Galatea, and when obtained, got from the principal persons engaged in it an autograph letter referring to the production. The most clever amongst those presented me, consisted of some lines from the

pen of Miss Priscilla Horton, now Mrs. German Reed, who personated Acis. She writes—

"My dear Mr. Phillips,

"'On their own merits modest men are dumb;' but as I am a woman, I trust the following lines on 'Acis and Galatea' will not be considered as immodesty on my part:

"When first Macready placed upon the stage
Handel's brilliant serenata,
Thinking it might not please the present age,
We to our fears were each a martyr.

But when Britannia's sons and daughters came,
And heard and saw the mighty work,
They added fresh green laurels to our fame,
And bid no further fears within us lurk.

Our efforts, crown'd with such complete success,
Have made our bosoms swell with pride,
But only one thing makes our triumph less,
That Handel did not see us ere he died!

"April 19th, 1842. Priscilla Horton."

Mr. Macready, at all times nervously anxious, was at the same time fearfully irritable, especially when acting; he seemed to lose all control over himself, so perfectly did he identify

his own feelings with the character he personated. It is easy to imagine what an effect an imperfect actor, or a dull one, would have on such a temperament.

An anecdote of him is related in connection with a little provincial theatre, where it was necessary to send on some of the meanest servants of the establishment to represent the minor parts. One evening, the play being 'William Tell,' the property man was selected to play the officer in the last scene, where Tell is doomed to shoot the apple on the child's head. The officer, who had only two words to speak, gives Tell the bow and arrow, who then says to the officer, "Do you shoot?" to which the latter should reply, "I do." The scene arrived when Macready, with one of his most tragic looks and a pause more than usually long, said, "Do you shoot?"—"I believe ice," said the man, "woodcocks by the dozen." The worthy tragedian never forgave him. I think it more than likely that Mr. Macready had been enraged with the poor property man at rehearsal,

and that he retaliated by getting a good laugh from the audience at the actor's expense.

Such now was my popularity, that poets and composers, honoured me, by soliciting my public rendering of their efforts; and no one succeeded better than W. H. Callcott, when he composed that inimitable scena, "The Last Man," from Campbell's poem, dedicated to his friend, Dr. Macalwaine. That scena will remain a lasting memento of his talent. He was a worthy scion of an illustrious race; his father being the popular glee and song writer; his uncle the celebrated painter. Soon after this he brought forth another composition—"The Soul's Errand," extracted from some lines said to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh. Be this as it may, the words have extraordinary force and power—I rarely sang it without an encore. He then composed a duett for soprano and bass, with chorus, from Faust. It was exceedingly beautiful, but did not produce much effect: this, I believe, was almost his last effort in public writing. He had, however, done quite sufficient

to stamp him as *a Callcott!* Immediately after this there followed a song, entitled, 'The Lakes of Killarney,' the poetry by T. Dibdin. This I set to music, and sold to Mr. Chappell, of Bond Street, for fifty guineas; receiving ten guineas at once, and a guinea a night for each time I sang it, until it amounted to the above sum. Another, by the same poet—'They talk of dales and hills in Wales,' was very successful. In quick succession I had now sent to me a number of effective and popular ballads; amongst others I may particularly mention 'The Auld Wife,' the poetry by Mr. Thirlwall, one of our most excellent orchestral violinists, and the author of a number of little poems, chiefly bearing on the Scottish character. The music of 'The Auld Wife' was by Henry Griesbach, a son of the eminent hautboy player of that name, who lived before my time. I do not know what the father might have been in general conduct, but the sons were all highly educated and gentlemenly men. One theme in particular, by Mr. Thirlwall, was exceedingly good. It was a

species of chaunt, terminating with a melody something resembling 'The Old English Gentleman.' It was called 'Thus goes the world around'—being an imaginary conversation between a young man and Time. I then revived those beautiful lines, by Waller, 1680:—

"Go, lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time, and me
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be."

I was particularly fortunate in setting these lines to music, and sang the song everywhere with never-failing effect. It was perhaps the most sustained baritone song then extant. Barry Cornwall then followed with his 'Return of the Admiral,' founded on a superstition prevalent amongst all sailors, that if a shark follows a vessel at sea, there is sure to be a death on board. It was singular, to observe, how many songs, sacred and secular, presented themselves to my notice, from every corner and nook in the country. Young men and old all vied with each

other to produce some novelty, which might enhance their reputation, without injury to mine.

I had attended a concert in one of our northern towns, where there was a choir of much reputation in the large parish church. I was waited on, the morning I arrived by a young man, who represented himself as one of the principal tenors in the church. He asked permission to introduce his father to me the next morning after the concert, as he had written an anthem, which he thought would suit me; and he should like me to hear it. He added, that his father was a great composer, and had been a celebrated baritone singer in his time. "You've heard of James Mildew?" said he.

"Oh, yes!" I replied (for it would have been most ungracious to have said No).

"I thought so," continued the young man; "then it's that very same James Mildew, that I shall bring to you to-morrow morning, as soon after breakfast as you like: he doesn't mind early rising, though he is going for 87.

That's a great age to compose at, ar'n't it, sir?" said my friend.

"Very," I replied; "but not too old: he has all his ideas concentrated and refined by his long life, no doubt."

"Yes, sir," said the young man; "I'm glad you think so."

With this he departed, telling me they were all going to my concert that evening, and I must mind how I sang, as his father knew all the songs. The concert, as they called it, which was nothing more than my musical evening, passed over; and the next morning having arrived, my breakfast things were scarcely removed, when some gentlemen were announced, as wishing to see me. "Old Mildew!" thought I, "no doubt."

"Pray show them up-stairs," said I.

"Yes, sir;" and down the waiter went.

The stairs were very long, very dark, and winding. A buzzing noise at a distance gave evidence of many voices; and as they advanced, I heard—"Put your foot there, father — take

hold of the bannisters; and now, turn round —I'll take care you don't fall, &c., &c."

After some ten minutes' effort, with as much shuffling, and pushing, and caution, as if they were bringing an intoxicated elephant into my apartment, in walked old Mildew, supported by his son, the tenor, on one side, and the principal bass on the other, with a few altos and promising pupils behind.

All being now seated, Old Mildew opened the proceedings by saying, "he liked my singing very much; had often heer'd of me before, but never seed me,—and liked that song of the 'Sea Fight' very much; it brought old times to him, as he had often heard his father sing it, seventy years ago, when he was a good young boy."

Now, as I had not set it to music more than three years, it appeared rather strange that he should have recollected it so well.

"About your anthem, sir," said I, "have you brought it?"

"I have," he replied, "and I'll sing it to 'ee. I must tell 'ee it begins with a bass solo, then a quartette of four voices takes it up, and then there's a solo for cousin Jim, he's an *all-toe* he sings up to——how high does he sing, Bill?" said he to his son.

"Never mind that," I interrupted, "let me hear the anthem."

"Sure, sir," said he, adjusting his spectacles, and making sundry extraordinary preparations before beginning. The choir sat mute, with their eyes and mouth wide and open, first staring at him and then at me. After a vast amount of coughing, and hemming, and trying to discover the key-note, he began in a little squeaking trembling voice—

KINGS OF THE AIRTH.

"How do 'ee like it?" said he, when he had accomplished this feat.

"Oh, it's very fine indeed," I replied.

"Then thou'll sing un."

"I'll take the first opportunity I have."

"Sing it at Antient Concert," said he, "they'll think it old."

"I'll think of it."

The simple assemblage smiled, and displayed their rustic teeth in full splendour, while the old man bowed his thanks and said, "I now do thou'll like it, it's joost the thing for 'ee, thank 'ee, sir, thank 'ee, good marnin;" and down the poor old fellow groped his way, led by the youthful urchins, and left me the sole possessor of the valuable anthem relating to 'the Kings of the Airth.'

I now entered into a second engagement with Mr. Macready to appear in 'Comus,' and 'Arthur and Emelinda' with Purcell's music, not for a moment imagining that my services would be called into requisition for any representation of a lesser importance. Unfortunately I had little

stipulated for anything but *time*; and before that expired, to my great astonishment and horror, I was compelled to sing a couple of glees in 'As you like it,' which was not at all as I liked it. I With a very bad grace I went through this task reluctantly, and eventually left the establishment in disgust; for it was not likely that a person bearing any rank in his profession would submit longer than possible to a degradation which placed him almost on a level with a chorus singer. I have misgivings that my friend Sims Reeves had equal cause of complaint in the same establishment.

Tragedy and music are two opposite elements, exploding whenever they come in contact. The only instance in which their antipathy has been subdued is in the music of Macbeth. John Barnett's song, 'I asked my fair one happy day,' was my next successful effort; then Barry Cornwall's 'Lucy is a golden girl,' a song of great effect; but here again I was condemned for singing such poetry. My predecessor's spirit (Bartleman) came to my aid, calmed my

troubled mind, and bade me laugh at the foolish remarks which at first so annoyed me. Barry Cornwall, or more properly Mr. Procter, was a man of too refined habits to write poetry that would admit of condemnation, his ideas ascended far above the common herd, and all he penned was consequently original and refined. You, reader, shall judge of those scandalous lines, I was so continually taunted for singing.

"Lucy is a golden girl,
But a man, a man should woo her;
They who seek her shrink aback
When they should like storms pursue her.
All her eyes are hid in light,
All her hair is lost in splendour;
But she hath the eyes of night,
And a heart that's over tender.
Yet the foolish suitors fly—
Is't excess of dread or duty?—
From the starlight of her eye,
Leaving to neglect her beauty.
Men by fifty seasons taught,
Leave her to a young beginner;
Who, without a second thought,
Whispers, woos, and straight must win her."

Before I quit Drury Lane Theatre, and become absorbed with other matters, I must not omit mention of a very original character who had long occupied the post of what is termed the property man. Singular to say, in all similar establishments, this man of property is the poorest of the whole community; it is but a mere term in connection with the firm, and implies a person who has the care of, and provides the daggers, masks, wands, lightning, smoke, and blood, but not the sinews of the company. During the performance of 'Macbeth,' this important gentleman got into a sad dilemma. I must remark, he was rather singular in his appearance, being *very short*, with a high squeaking voice, and a most risible lisp. During the tragedy it was his business to daub the apparitions with a crimson fluid he mixed in a basin, to give them the appearance of having been murdered. This process also included Banquo, who always came to the property room to have his throat cut, and temples jammed apparently in. The little gentleman's name was Phil

Stone. A lithographed engraving of him was once issued, so notorious had he become. One evening, during Macbeth, he had deposited the crimson mixture in a snug corner of his room, near the prompt side wing, when some wicked wight, having watched him slyly, removed it. The moment arrived for the apparition to be daubed, but no basin could be found! This threw him into absolute distraction. Tearing his hair, he ran about crying at the very highest pitch of his voice, "Whatever shall I do? somebody has been and stolen all my blood!"

During the last season of Mr. Macready's management, poor Phil Stone had given some offence, and was discharged from his long held office. Not knowing what to do, he opened a tripe shop in Drury Lane. It was during some very hot weather in the June following his dismissal that Mr. George Weiland, a great wag in his way, informed him that the eminent lessee, though he had discharged him, would like to give him a turn, and said he was to have a hot sheep's head brought into Mr. Macready's dress-

ing room on such an evening, so that after his great fatigue he might enjoy it. Accordingly Phil Stone brought the delicious morsel (as he thought) into the dressing room, spread the little cloth, put the plate, knife, and fork, a little salt, and the smoking hot dish in the centre, and, further, in acknowledgment of the honour conferred, presented the lessee with a cool pint of porter, in a new, and highly polished pewter pot. The tragedy over, in stalked Macready, almost fainting with fatigue and the excessive heat of the night. Phil Stone had squeezed himself into a remote corner of the room in anticipation of the uncontrolled delight the great man would experience on beholding and devouring the hot sheep's head. No sooner had Macready entered the room, than he exclaimed in a tragic tone, "Why, what's this? from whence proceeds this obnoxious smell?"

Phil Stone, who was not quite clear as to the literal meaning of the word obnoxious, thought it might be an expression of delight. Darting out of his corner and rubbing his hands with joy,

he said, "It's the sheep's head you ordered, all hot, sir."

"Hot, sir!" exclaimed the lessee, "sheep's head! what does it all mean? get out of the place you little rascal, or I'll — umph," and the tragedian showed his teeth.

In a twinkling poor Phil Stone bundled up the whole affair, and scampered out of the room in a perfect fever, which was partially cooled by the entire contents of the pint pot being showered over him.

This little gentleman, illiterate as he was, had some very eccentric, and witty ideas about him; on the occasion of a five act comedy reaching its last rehearsal, the author found, instead of two beautiful sofas described in the property list, two ragged affairs that had been used for many previous seasons. An awful rage was the result, and a loud and continued call for the culprit, Phil Stone. "Well," said Phil, in his high squeaking voice, "here I am, who wants me?"

"Wants you?" exclaimed the author, in

an awful rage, "look here sir, look at these sofas: it's *infamous! rascally!* I've a great mind to blow your brains out."

"Blow your own out," said Phil, "if you've got any. They're good enough for one night."

Phil was the most fortunate author of the two, for his joke had a run, while the comedy was condemned.

## CHAPTER III.

My musical entertainment, though it certainly gained in popularity, did not yield the profit I had anticipated. I had engagements at most of the literary institutions, in and around the metropolis, but such establishments are not able to afford high terms, and the aggregate of my receipts did not consequently amount to much.

One of my most popular entertainments was "The Music of various Nations," tracing melody from the most remote, or wildest of the Indian airs, to the civilized songs of Europe. I treated of the singular use the Indians make of the minor third and fifth; from these I passed to the nasal and almost unmeaning melodies of

the Chinese, the early music of the Hebrews, the songs of the Neapolitans, of Italy, Germany, France, Switzerland, Scotland, Ireland, and England. So interesting a subject ought to have made a fortune, and possibly at another time would, but the public were tired of these exhibitions; and amongst the multitude of entertainments which then existed, it was, perhaps, a difficult matter to select which was best worth hearing. Whenever any other attempt flagged in attraction, the naval songs of Dibdin invariably brought me up; and I must not omit here to mention my great surprise at the excellent manner in which a gentleman who does not bear a great reputation as a vocalist, sang *some* of Dibdin's songs—I allude to Mr. Ransford. With a very fair voice, I have heard him sing some of these themes with much earnestness of manner, and in a way that brought the hold heartiness of the English sailor vividly before me.

To Mr. Braham (whose speculations in the Colloseum and St. James's Theatre were of so ruinous a character), having all but annihi-

lated his once splendid fortune, he visited America, and gave concerts there in connection, I believe, with his son Charles, and no doubt his success in the New World would have been great had he been some twenty years younger, but his wonderful powers had nearly left him; and though flashes of his former greatness might appear, he was no longer the popular tenor of the day, so he resolved on his return to England, and appeared at a concert with his son Charles at the St. James's Theatre, which is thus described in one of the metropolitan journals:—

"The scene last night on the re-appearance in this country of the veteran vocalist was most striking. The theatre was crammed in every part, and the audience was remarkable for the number of gentlemen connected with music and literature who attended. It was not only a crowded assembly, but it was an assembly of notables, collected together to hear a concert which is perhaps without its parallel in the history of musical entertainments, a concert in which *two* vocalists were the sole performers, with the additional

interesting circumstance, that it was the greatest singer of which this country can boast, introducing his son Charles for the first time to an English public."

The article then went on to speak of Mr. Braham's wonderful increase of power and energy since he left for America, and of his son's voice as a pleasing tenor trained up in his father's school. The concert being so unique, they inserted the programme as a curiosity:

PART I.

Scena.—"The last words of Marmion," Mr. Braham (Dr. Clarke).

Recty.—"The war that for a space did fall," Mr. Braham (Dr. Clarke).

Air.—"A light o'er Marmion's visage spread," Mr. Braham (Dr. Clarke).

Song—"My Boyhood's home," Mr. C. Braham (Amelie Hooke).

Scena.—"William Tell," Mr. Braham (Braham).

Song—"The Miniature," (poetry by Genl. Morris, America) Mr. Braham (Knight).

Song—"There's a charm in spring" (Village coquette, by Boz) Mr. C. Braham (Hullah).

Scotch song—"The Macgregor's gathering," Mr. Braham (Alexander Lee).

Duett—"Gallop on gaily," Mr. Braham and C. Braham (Braham).

## PART II.

Celebrated scene from Handel's oratorio (Jeptha).
Rectv.—"Deeper and deeper still," Mr. Braham.
Air—"Waft her, angels," Mr. Braham.
Song—"When the trump of fame," Mr. C. Braham (Rossini).
Song—"The Death of Nelson," Mr. Braham.
Rectv.—"O'er Nelson's tomb," Mr. Braham } Braham.
Air—"Twas in Trafalgar's Bay," Mr. Braham
Song—"The anchor's weighed," Mr. C. Braham (Braham).
Irish love song—"Molly Bawn," Mr. Braham (Lover).
Duett—"All's well," Mr. Braham and Mr. C. Braham (Braham).
Bruce's address to his army—"Scots wha hae," Mr. Braham.

It is but rarely that we meet with so ingeniously contrived a programme so varied, and yet with such a repetition of names. By some strange want of calculation, which I never could understand, the public seemed always to class me with Mr. Braham, as if I had been born on the same day and tutored in the same school, when, in fact, Mr. Braham was in his zenith when I was

a little lad, taken to Drury Lane Theatre to hear him sing 'The Death of Nelson,' while John Barnet was placed on a chair to sing one of Mr. Braham's songs, which he did with a most charming, brilliant, and clear soprano voice. If my race had been run side by side with Braham, I should now be approaching something like my hundredth year.

Mr. Braham was a man generally of most reserved manners, which gave the impression of pride, yet no one entered more into a jest than he did, whether practical or otherwise. One of a laughable character occurred at a celebrated triennial festival, in connection with the conductor, who was organist of the cathedral. He chanced to be a gentleman of eccentric habits and appearance, very short and fat, an epicure of no ordinary stamp, the length of whose arm was as near as possible the measure of his baton. Though an especial favourite with Madame Malibran, she delighted to play him all sorts of tricks, at

which he never took offence. On the occasion of a morning performance, of selected sacred music, Madame Malibran and Braham had to sing a duett, John Loder being leader of the orchestra; the three consulted together as to what trick they could play the conductor, and one having been agreed upon, the morning performance arrived, all went very well, the band and singers going on smoothly in one time while the conductor beat another—that was of little consequence in those days. At length came the duett by Malibran and Braham, which had a long symphony preceding it, the conductor, with more than ordinary energy in honour of so grand an occasion, waved his baton in the air, till down it came as a signal for the first chord, but not a semblance of sound issued from the orchestra. "Hallo!" shouted the conductor, with a raised head, in amazement, "can't you all see? Now, then, we'll try again." He did, and the result was the same. "Why, what the devil's the matter?—are you all mad?" cried the little

fat man, the huge drops falling from his forehead, which, as he drew his handkerchief to remove the symphony began, to his great astonishment, and almost defied his beating a bar correctly, till it had nearly finished, the singers almost fainting with suppressed laughter at the success of the trick they had so ingeniously planned.

When this little conductor gave a lesson on the pianoforte, it was always in a room next to the kitchen; in the middle of the lesson he would say, "There, go on, I can hear ye, I'm only going to baste the sir" (hare); so he walked into the kitchen, did what he proposed, came back, and finished the lesson. The Queen's English was a matter sadly disregarded by this gentleman; luckily, not being at court, he escaped the condemnation it must otherwise have brought upon him; when going out he would call to the servant, "Hann, where's my at?" He was, however, a kind, good-tempered soul, took all that happened in the best part, and when the festival had termi-

nated said, "Some very droll things have occurred this week; but never mind, come and dine with me, and we'll enjoy the haunch of venison, and drink success to the next festival in some of the finest port wine in England."

I fancy the hilarity and mirth of former times has much diminished in the present day; at least we do not hear of similar conviviality; the professional path seems more cool and calculating than the former meetings of professors, who really appeared as one 'family;' possibly the family has so increased, that it is more difficult to provide for the progeny than it was some twenty or thirty years ago. It was well known that Mr. Braham was of direct Hebrew extraction, and myself partially so. At a performance of Israel in Egypt at Drury Lane Theatre, when Mr. Braham stood up to sing his last recitative, 'For the horse of Pharaoh went with his chariots and with his horsemen into the sea, and the Lord brought again the waters upon them, but the children of Israel went on dry land in the midst of the sea,'

Tom Cooke pulled him by the tail of his coat, and said, "It's lucky for you that they did, or you would not have been singing here."

The most magnificent festival I ever sang at was that held in the York Minster, when Catalani, Miss Paton, Braham, and the usual celebrities were engaged. Catalani's popularity was then in its zenith, and whatever she desired became a command. Thus it was that she opened The Messiah, having 'Comfort ye my people,' transposed much lower for the occasion. Mr. Braham was in a fever of stifled rage, as, indeed, well he might, but even he was compelled to submit. It happened that morning that both Mr. Braham and myself were in excellent voice; I believe I never sang 'Why do the nations' so well, and when the great tenor came to 'Thou shalt dash them,' he threw such mighty energy into his theme, that he roused the audience into absolute ecstasy. Catalani most undoubtedly failed in 'Comfort ye,' singing *very flat*, and being deficient in the recognised style. This rejoiced Mr. Braham, and at

the end of the second part, when I was pacing the cathedral behind the orchestra, he suddenly seized my arm, and said, "Phillips, the two Jews have done them this morning." It was at this festival I made my first great impression as a ballad-singer by my rendering of Arnes' elegant theme, 'When forced from dear Hebe to go.'

In no country is sacred music so highly estimated as in England—so venerated, or conducted with such decorum. The magnitude of our orchestras, the refinement of the singers, are all matters approaching the realization of Handel's ideas, who was frequently heard to say —"I want my choruses sung by five hundred voices." This conception was no doubt founded on the accounts we have of the music of the ancients, where we are told that certain festival hymns were performed by three thousand voices and instruments. To say nothing of the sublime inspiration of Handel's choruses, there is a clearness and distinctness in them which is marvellous, when compared to the writings of other

authors. I have always fancied that he wrote his choruses as if they were to be first sung by only four voices, like our old glees, and madrigals. If I am correct in my conception, it would at once account for the clearness and distinctness with which the points are made and emphasized. This is rendered still more likely by the modern societies taking those glees which were written for four, five, or six voices, and executing them with fifty, or a hundred, when they still remain as clear and distinct as when executed by the few. In almost all other oratorio writers there is a confusion of sounds and words which we rarely detect in Handel.

I shall ever remember a conversation I had with Dr. Mendlessohn one evening, after the performance of his St. Paul. When I was complimenting him on the work he had written, he replied in his hasty, nervous way, "Thank you, thank you, if I could once write a chorus equal to Handel's, I should be content."

That the Germans are great musical com-

posers does not admit of a question; but that every German should be an inspired musician, is the height of absurdity; and yet, how prone we are to think that it should be so. Handel, Beethoven, Bach, Haydn, Sphor, led us into this error; and thus Neukomm, because he chanced to be a pupil of Haydn, must needs write an oratorio—'The Twelve Commandments'—which was so crude, so deficient in melody, so difficult, and so unprofitable, that it did not survive many months after its first performance; that was at the last Derby festival, which proved a festival of no common order, at least to its conductor, Sir G. Smart; for it was there, and, I believe, then, he sat at the table with the person who, not long after, became Lady Smart, and who remains as amiable and delightfully intelligent a person as she was on that day when I was invited to the same table. By-the-way, speaking of the Derby festival, it happened to be an eventful time with me. I did not meet with my *cara sposa*, it is true; but a circumstance occurred there I shall never forget,

and which creates an uneasy and nervous feeling, whenever I refer to it.

Great difficulty was experienced by myself and others in procuring lodgings, for the inhabitants of that town are a particularly good people, and many of them thought the musical festival a very wicked thing; the more so, perhaps, as the profits (if any) were to be given to the County Hospital. Money derived from such a source would most probably augment their accidents and illnesses! If the festival were so sinful, what must the people be who sang and played at it? Worse still! And thus it happened, that we had really difficulty in procuring shelter. After much trouble, I obtained a large attic as my sleeping-room, and the occasional use of a parlour, when I required my breakfast, at home, which I frequently did, during the week. The inhabitants of Derby were also, as a body, a well conducted set of people; that is, they shut up their shops about eight, and went to bed at ten; following out the old adage—"Early to bed, and early to rise, made them all

healthy, and wealthy"—but I cannot say, "wise!" I think it was on the second day of the festival, that I accepted an invitation to supper with some friends, whose house I did not leave till about half-past twelve. It was a clear, moonlight, frosty night when I knocked at the door of my lodgings. The house was some five stories high, the street very narrow, and my front attic almost overhanging the thoroughfare. After waiting some ten minutes, the dirty, lazy servant opened the door, gave me a consumptive-looking candle, rubbed her eyes, tumbled into the kitchen, and left me to wander up the five flights of stairs. Opening the door of my attic suddenly, my candle went out. It was my custom, and had been for years, always to wash my hands before going to bed; so by the light of the moon I discovered my washing-stand, and found my basin full of what was evidently dirty water. I then examined the jug, and ascertained that it contained a very little clean. Now, what was to be done with the dirty water in the basin?—for that vessel was an unusually large

one. I thought the best thing was to throw it out into the street, as at that hour no one would be passing, so I opened the window, took hold of the heavy basin, and with frozen fingers gave it a fling to disperse the water, when, to my horror, it slipped out of my hands, and hit a large drawing-room window opposite, causing a terrific crash. At that moment the watchman was calling, "Past one o'clock," just below. The pieces bounded off the window, and struck him on the eyes, nose, and cheek. He immediately sprang his rattle. Scores of nightcaps appeared at dozens of windows, and the still, quiet street was at once in an uproar. Charlies from all quarters came running to the spot, springing their rattles, and all was in an instant confusion, while I stood aghast at the window, the innocent cause of all the disturbance. "This is the house," shouted the guardian of the night. Violent thumps at the street door, and ringing of bells was the immediate result of his announcement: the inmates were roused, and in rapid succession two watch-

men hobbled up stairs to take me into custody, when I explained my misfortune, and paid such fees as were sufficient to lull the excitement so unexpectedly raised. I shuddered at the thought of what the accident might have been, and felt thankful for its fortunate termination.

The decline of the English opera in England; the strange management of Mr. Macready, in reference to our art; the unprofitable trouble and anxiety of giving musical entertainments; and the growing and increasing feeling that anything foreign must of necessity be far superior to anything English; induced me to all but decide on a visit to America. Miss Birch had been to Italy; so had Sims Reeves. It was too late for me to turn my thoughts in that direction, so I half resolved on the New World. Many that I knew had been there, and made great profits; then why should not I? This it was, that induced serious thoughts of travel. It appeared at first a terrible thing that I should quit the land of my birth, where I had struggled

so hard—been so successful, and then so unfortunate. It seemed hard that I should have to visit a far distant country, to revive that praise and enthusiasm I had been so accustomed to in my own. Such, however, thought I, are the accidents of our life, and I must yield to the force of circumstances. It was but natural before I left England, that I should reflect on former days, and recall in imagination all the faces, and forms, and voices I had associated with in my earlier years. Like Moore, I sang—

"Oft in the stilly night, 'ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond mem'ry, brings the light, of other days around me."

Could I believe that in a few short years so many men and women great in art had passed before me? Let me recall them to my recollection, and record their names:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. Ashe, of Bath. | Mr. Windsor, Bath. |
| John Loder, do. | Henry Field, do. |
| William Loder, do. | Miss Tunstall. |
| John Loder, junior. | Mrs. Waylett. |

Madame Vestris.
Mrs. Salmon.
Madame Sontag.
Madame Catalani.
Madame Pasta.
Signor Lablache.
Signor Rubini.
Signor Lanza.
Signor Crevelli.
Fred. Beale, Regent St.
Madame Malibran.
John Wilson.
Alfred Bunn.
Tom Moore.
R. B. Peake.
Mr. Arnold.
Mr. Pearman.
Signor Spagnoletti.
François Cramer.
John Cramer.
William Knyvett.
Mr. Greatorex.
Mr. Vaughan.
Mr. Bellamy.
Sir Henry Bishop.
Weber.
Mendelssohn.
Spohr.
Heer Stumpf.
Standgl.

Mr. Seguin.
Mr. Guibilei.
Eliza Birch.
John Braham.
H. Braham.
Mrs. Bland.
Mr. Bartley.
Mr. Horseley.
Edmund Kean.
Tom Cooke.
Harper (Trumpet).
Nicholson (Flute).
Willman (Clarionet).
Bochsa.
Rourke (Composer).
Mr. Collard.
Mary Cawse.
Miss Mitford.
Lindley.
Dragonetti.
V. Novello.
Elliott.
Leete.
Terrail.
Goulden.
Pyne.
Hawkins.
Kench.
Mackintosh (Bassoon).
William Hawes, &c., &c., &c.

Referring again to the Antient Concerts, my mind, from some hidden cause, associates them with Miss Stephens. There was in her such a simplicity of manner, and she was so amiable in all her actions, that she became the key stone of our musical arch. These qualities were also so evident in her singing that, added to her beautifully clear and liquid voice, the charm enthralled all who listened. William Knyvett, who certainly told some very funny stories, also did some extravagantly comic things, at which this lady laughed inordinately. Had it not been for the terms we were all on with each other, and the unrestrained merriment in our ante-room, those concerts would have been very dull and tiresome affairs, for in the orchestra we all sat mute as mice and solemn as owls. It was approaching the termination of one of our seasons, one particularly hot morning in July, that I entered the ante-room, where all had assembled, waiting the organ's summons to commence the rehearsal. I was extremely warm with walking, and I dare say looked rather pale.

Wiping the perspiration from my forehead, I sank into a chair, apparently half fainting. The ladies immediately rose to inquire the cause. I covered my face with my handkerchief, and said, "Don't ask me, it's too terrible!". "O, do tell us!" exclaimed Miss S., in an agony of curiosity. "Do! do!" echoed all the ladies. "It's too horrible!" I said. "Never mind," said the ladies, "do! do!" "Well then," said I, "I've just seen a man literally turned inside out!" A suppressed shriek followed this announcement. "How was it?" they inquired. "An omnibus ——" "Ah!" ejaculated Miss S., "I detest them! I always said there would be some dreadful accident!" "How was it?" they all demanded. "I'll tell you—first he was dreadfully crushed, and then——" "Oh, go on! go on!" they cried. "Well, the omnibus was more than full, when a lady inquired of the conductor if she could have a seat. The man, wishing to oblige, asked a gentleman if he would ride on the box. He consented, stepped out of the vehicle——" "I see! I see!" said Miss

S., "I can imagine it all!" "Listen!" sobbed the ladies. "Well, as I said, he stepped from the vehicle, and, clambering up the side of the bus, sat down by the coachman; thus, after being dreadfully crushed inside, he was literally turned inside out." The hands of vengeance immediately raised were too numerous for me to encounter, so I beat a hasty retreat, and allowed my friends, time to cool their anger.

Our portfolio of "ridiculous things" (as John Parry calls his volume of talented sketches) was now full for our amusement—not a little added to by our witty and gentlemanly associate, J. B. Duruset. He was the inventor (if it can be called an invention) of taking serious poetry and adding at the end of each line, alternately, *behind* and *before*. Thus he would recite, to the great amusement of us all, the ballad, 'O no, we never mention her.'

"O no, we never mention her—before,
Her name is never heard—behind;
My lips are now forbid to speak—before
That once familiar name—behind.

From sport to sport they hurry me—before,
To banish my regret—behind,
And when they win a smile from me—before,
They think that I forget—behind.

The reproduction of these lines, with their elegant additions, did honour, I think, to the classical education we had evidently received. The recollection of similar circumstances would sometimes call up a smile upon two or three of the solemn faces in the orchestra, which was most painfully suppressed by the presence of the awful judges before us. In one instance, however, the smile was carried too far, and a stop was put to a piece of music in consequence. There was a long recitative, which had to be sung by Duruset and William Knyvett. The former had to stand up in the orchestra, while he musically declaimed, "Whence comest thou?" This was enacted in our private room, by Duruset being put outside the door, which he suddenly opened, and gave two strides into the apartment, where he was met by Knyvett, with the poker in one hand and the fire shovel in the other, singing

or reciting, "Whence comest thou?" Duruset then goes on to relate the result of some battle, at the description of which Knyvett twisted and turned, shed tears, then danced, till it became an absolute absurdity. This was all very well in our private room, but when the evening arrived, and the recitative had to be seriously sung, it was quite a different thing. The chord was given; up stood Duruset, with a long solemn face, while Knyvett, in a shrill alto voice, sang, "Whence comest thou?" No sooner were these words uttered, than a smothered though unmistakeable roar of laughter shook every singer in the orchestra. There was but one means of escape—Knyvett had a spasm, was led out of the room, and the next piece in the programme was substituted for "Whence comest 'thou?"

Talking of laughter and the Antient Concerts, I shall not forget once singing a song there which I refused to rehearse, well knowing if I did, I should not be allowed to sing it at night. I had a great wish to try its effect,

which proved exactly what I had foreseen. For some time, my praise went forth for the manner in which I executed Handel's famous laughing song and chorus, 'Haste thee, nymph.' I do not think that I succeeded because I sang it better than many others who preceded me, but rather because I hit on an original method of taking up the different leading points in the chorus which follows, and pointing out to the audience any lady or gentleman who laughed with a serious face, a circumstance of frequent occurrence, the chorister being intent only on the notes. At every concert where a chorus could be mustered, I had to sing, 'Haste thee, nymph,' until the directors of the Antient Concerts thought, as the song was Handel's, I might try it there. To my astonishment, this was appointed to be done. On the Monday morning of rehearsal I had, of course, a relaxed throat, but thought I should be well enough to sing by the concert evening, viz., Wednesday. When I stood up, to execute this celebrated piece of music, I laughed *con amore*, and all in the

room with moderate restraint joined me. But when it came to the chorus, and I pointed out two or three most delightful subjects, who laughed as if they had just been attacked by the plague, a universal shout ensued. I positively thought the Archbishop would have shaken his wig off, and my lady the countess fainted. A circulation of the blood was that evening experienced, to which the audience had been for years unaccustomed. But Mr. Henry Phillips was never asked to sing it again. I knew such was sure to be the result; and, having but one chance, used it to the best of my ability.

## CHAPTER IV.

It was in 1843 that Mr. Henry Russell gave some few evenings at the Hanover Square Rooms, before starting a second time for America. The place was crowded, and it was said that on one occasion he realized one-hundred-and-seventeen pounds. My unfortunate imagination at once beholding a fortune for myself, should I pay the new country a visit, I all but resolved to do so. John Wilson, too, had been there, and this again—he having been extremely successful—operated as an incentive. It coming to the knowledge of Mr. Bunn (still lessee of Drury Lane Theatre,) that my thoughts were directed to visiting America, he sent for

me, and gave me a long lecture, pointing out the folly of my intention, and endeavouring to prove the improbability of my meeting with success in so young a country—to say nothing of the difficulty I should experience in regaining my position when I returned. Instead of receiving this advice as I should have done, I fancied it was given with the wish to retain me in his operas; and this was strengthened by his informing me he had a new opera, written by himself, and composed by Balfe, entitled, 'The Bohemian Girl,' in which there was a very fine character for me, and an exquisite ballad, which, if I would sing, he'd give me forty pounds a week for four nights, and sixty pounds, if performed every evening. All this was very tempting—so I requested to see the song, 'The Heart Bow'd Down,' which was accordingly sent to me, but which I did not like. It appeared to me as if it required a heavier voice than mine, so I declined his offer, and my thoughts again reverted to the idea of visiting America.

So many circumstances combined to confirm

my intention, that, at last, I finally made up my mind, and laid all my plans. My pupil, Miss Hughes, afterwards Mrs. Fenwick, had visited the United States, accompanied by Miss Norton, with whom, and her mother, I boarded for some two or three years, when I was just commencing my career, and lived near the Piazza, Covent Garden. This young lady had been very successful in the Northern States—why, then, should not I. She went over in one of the liners, commanded by Captain M., returned again to England with him, and thus there sprang up an intimacy with the family, which resulted in an introduction to me. The most renowned of Yankee Captains, he was represented to be one of the most liberal, kind, honest men—one on whose word and advice I might rely. This introduction seemed to promise both counsel and help; and my prospects grew still more bright until the spring of 1844, when I had my first interview with Captain M., who was then commander of the Victoria, a splendid sailing vessel of twelve hundred tons.

Previously to this interview, I had made an arrangement with Mr. Henry Hatterslay, whom I had long known in connection with Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, and who had been designated in my family by the name of *Webb*—it being considered by the industrious branches of my circle a serious loss of time to be continually wading through three syllables, Hatterslay, when one, Webb, would do. Webb was to accompany me—this rendered me perfectly happy, for I had begun to look upon him as a brother. I had watched him closely for many years, in and out of business, and had never seen his equal. In him integrity, unimpeachable honour, courage, and industry, were singularly combined. He had already travelled with me, and managed my musical entertainments all over the United Kingdom, and now prepared to share my fortunes in the New World.

Visiting the vessel lying in the St. Katherine Docks, London, I secured a state cabin, containing two berths, for Webb and myself, for which I paid fifty pounds. I then asked Captain

M.'s opinion as to my prospects, and the period of the year I had selected. He assured me that my reputation was far and wide spread in America, that thousands of dollars would be my reward—that I also, could not have selected a better time. How shameful, and how heartless was this advice, the sequel will show. It soon became evident that all my friend thought of, or cared for, was the fifty pounds, which induced him to proffer any advice which might be most agreeable to himself, no matter how detrimental to me. By his permission, I put on board a dozen of brandy, two cork jackets, sundry rough coats, sou'-westers, oil-skin capes, biscuits, foreign sausages, my large brown carpet-bag, two immense portmanteaus, in addition to carpet-bags, and a little piano-forte, of three octaves, which just fitted in my cabin, made by Mr. Wornum—in fact, I had baggage enough for a small regiment of soldiers.

Webb sailed from London, with strict orders not to dip too deep into the brandy and foreign sausages—for we were determined neither to be

ill or starve, if either of these articles could prevent it. I was to join the ship at Portsmouth, probably a week or two after she had left the port of London. I put up at the Railway Hotel, little thinking what an anxious time I was to experience in waiting for the vessel. Scarcely an hour passed during the day that I or some of my friends staying with me were not down at the Telegraph office to learn if the Victoria had been signalled. At breakfast, dinner, and supper, the step of the waiter seemed always to promise an announcement of the vessel's arriving, and that I must go immediately. At night, every railway whistle appeared like the shriek of the chambermaid, saying, 'Get up, Sir, at once, or she'll sail without you. For four days, I had not a comfortable hour. All was perplexity, anxiety, and fever. For two days it blew great guns, and my constant thoughts were about poor Webb, who was not a good sailor, and whose greatest previous voyage, had been from Holyhead to Dublin, and London Bridge to Richmond.

At length, the wind lulled, the sun again shone, and, on the 23rd August, 1844, about twelve o'clock, the vessel having been signalled, the pilot's boat pushed off, and I bade adieu to England, and those I loved most in the world.

Having pulled into the offing where the Victoria lay, I scrambled on board, where Webb eagerly greeted me. He was much exhausted by the sea-sickness he had experienced in the channel. I thought of the brandy and sausages, but didn't say a word. I was just in time for dinner, and a horrid affair it was—everything that was disagreeable, stale, tainted, messed—"A sad presage of what is to come," thought I, and so it proved.

The passengers now arrived rapidly, and, amongst others, we numbered the celebrated Robert Owen, Major Bender, going to join his regiment in Canada, Captain Lemoine, his wife, and son, the Honourable Mr. Hilyard and family, from Alabama, Mr. Thorpe, son of Mr. Thorpe, bookseller, Piccadilly, Mr. Haywood, comedian, a very old lady, and a very

young one, joint occupants of a state-room, and some dozen others, whose names I did not ascertain. We had, also, nearly two hundred steerage passengers, emigrants, and thus, with this living cargo, and horrible larder, we started on our voyage, as the sun was about to set. Soon the land faded from our view, the evening closed, the supper-bell was rung, and, after staring at each other, in silent curiosity, by the dim light of the cabin candles, we gradually fell off to our quarters.

It takes some two or three days before passengers become acquainted; but then it is amusing to observe how they will pair off in twos and threes, and so remain to the end of the voyage. Major Bender and I soon became friends, for he was a person after my own heart —kind, honest, and gentlemanly. He had what appeared to me a strange and unaccountable hatred of the Yankees, but it was rooted, and had taken full possession of him. He had been in America before, and was now returning to head-quarters, after a leave of absence. He

was much attached to a Spanish setter, that never left him day, nor night. The little bickerings arising from this were at times most amusing. Major Bender was a short person, and stout—of high English blood, passionate when roused, but kindness itself when treated with the respect his position demanded. The next observable individual was *the* Robert Owen. He was in appearance and manner a common person, and, entertaining very strange ideas, was by no means a favourite with the ladies—his odd notions of men and things not at all agreeing with the opinions of the generality of womankind. Next came Mr. Thorpe, a rather wild member of his family, I fear, for his object in visiting America was not quite clear. He was very fat, and being in constant pursuit of means to get thinner, gladly entered into any game on deck, which could at all be called athletic. He was everlastingly running, hopping, and jumping—losing his balance when the ship rolled, and upsetting divers very old ladies and gentlemen who might happen to be near him. Captain Lemoine and his wife

were both well-bred persons, as was also their son, about seventeen, whom they delighted to dress as if he were ten, which made the poor fellow look rather ridiculous. I cannot conceive their motive for this, unless they were under the impression that keeping him dressed like a child, would retard the progress of time, for them. We had one very amusing couple on board, an old lady and a very young one, both unfortunately placed in the same state cabin; and not more than two or three days elapsed before they came to the amiable resolution of hating each other most cordially. Every morning we heard them at high words while dressing, till on one occasion the ship lurched, and the water bottle held by one of them tumbled out of her hand into the centre of a band-box close by, destroying a new Parisian bonnet, intended to astonish the New Yorkers. Out of the cabin flew the young lady, the old one close after, with the uplifted bottle, swearing vengeance, which was only averted by the interference of the passengers, who for ever after separated the combatants

by night as well as by day, and our voyage then proceeded as most voyages do, with certain games at cards, bowls, races, and leap frog on deck, a little music in the evening, and a cigar on the poop, in addition to all which a weekly newspaper was established, of which I was elected editor and public reader. All who had any talent contributed in verse or prose, and the incidents of the week were fully reported, with editorial remarks, at which no one was to take offence. Some very droll circumstances were related.

We thus passed our days, beneath a bright sky and balmy air, until we arrived at the banks of Newfoundland, where we lay becalmed for twenty-four hours. I scarcely ever beheld a more glorious sunset. There was not a ripple on the vast ocean which lay spread out before us. All was so still one felt afraid to speak, but at last it was suggested by some friends who had heard me sing the song in the saloon, that I should have my little pianoforte brought on deck, and sing 'The Emigrant Ship,' which I

had composed during our voyage, the poetry being by Martin Tupper, who presented it to me just previous to my departure. To this proposition I readily consented, and then the two hundred emigrants on board were summoned on deck. A few minutes only sufficed to perfect the arrangements. Surrounded by these men, women, and children, I sat down to the instrument, the last rays of the sun gleaming on my face, and sang, for the first time in public, 'The Emigrant Ship.' Its effect no words can describe. I was universally encored, and on looking round not a dry eye was visible. In a few minutes I was serenaded, by the whole group singing the wild melodies of the far west—many of the men having been out before, were now returning thither with their wives and children. The voices echoed and rolled over the waters, till the scene altogether seemed like one in Fairyland. The words of Martin Tupper's song are very beautiful—too much so to lose this opportunity of making them still better known:—

"Far away, far away
The Emigrant ship must sail to-day;
Cruel ship to look so gay,
Bearing the exiles far away.

Sad and sore, sad and sore,
Many a fond heart bleeds at the core;
Cruel dread to meet no more,
Ah! the exile's heart is sore.

Many years, many years
At the best they must struggle with perils and fears;
Cruel pilot, for he steers
The exiles away for many years.

Fare ye well, fare ye well,
To hope, and to joy it sounds as a knell;
Cruel tale it were to tell
How the Emigrant sighs farewell.

Far away, far away,
Is there indeed no hope to-day;
Cruel and false it were to say
There are no pleasures far away.

Far away, far away,
Ev'ry night and ev'ry day;
Kind and wise it were to pray,
God be with them far away."

A few days previous to this we had been

nearly all on deck. It was a glorious bright day, and we were skimming before a lovely breeze, watching the flocks of little petrels at the stern of the vessel, observing the triangular fin of the shark, in the distance the spouting whale, and the shoals of porpoises racing with the vessel, when the captain, having taken his observation at the meridian, announced in a loud voice that we were just a thousand miles from land. On the instant, Barry Cornwall's beautiful words occurred to me, and Neukomm's admirable music to the song he wrote for me, 'The Stormy Petrel.' "Come," said I to my fellow passengers, "Come down into the saloon, and I'll tell you all about it in music." Away we went; I sat down to the pianoforte, and sang—

"A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea."

I obtained much credit for the happy thought, and for the pleasure I had afforded them, which, no doubt, was the incentive to their subsequent request for the song of 'The Emigrant Ship.'

During a thunder-storm which suddenly arose, the sea became rough, and the poor creatures in the steerage suffered much from sea-sickness; but a few bottles of my treasured brandy relieved a great number. In the evening all became calm again. I was pacing the deck, in solemn admiration of the shining worlds above me, when a most brilliant meteor shot half across the heavens, leaving behind a train of crimson sparks. It burst without any report, and illuminated the horizon in every direction.

Our meals now became very scanty and indifferent—horrible salt fish, that had been hanging to the yards, I have no doubt, for six months at least, served at table with molasses poured over it, and scenting the apartment like a cesspool; horrid legs of mutton; no milk, the cow, a poor thing when shipped, having failed in her supply. Bad eggs were beaten up to supply its place in our tea and coffee. Sad grumblings were heard on board, and when we came abreast of some fishingboats, catching and salting cod, we begged of the captain to obtain some. He

refused. We offered to purchase them, as a relief to our daily and disagreeable food, but this request was denied; so on we went, till a splendid eagle alighting on the mast, gave evidence of our approach to land, and but a few hours after an imaginary mosquito was detected on the hat of a passenger, followed by hoarse voices aloft crying out, "Land ahead."

All was now bustle and energy; the best dresses, bonnets, hats, caps, gloves were hastily collected to make a smart appearance on shore, as about seven o'clock in the evening we passed the Narrows and entered the bay of New York. Statten Island, Brooklyn, the magnificent city, all around was in one golden splendour, and presented such a scene of eastern, or rather western magnificence, that I had never till then conceived of. As we approached the bay, pilot vessels of the most fairy-like form glided by us, and one landed a very strange-looking being, who stared every passenger out of countenance, whispered in the captain's ear, nodded approbation to the replies, and continued taking

notes in a huge pocket-book of what was passing, till we anchored off Statten Island, and presented to the officer who boarded us, the bill of health. It was only a few hours previous to this that we were told a young lady, whom we had long noticed as a person of superior manners and address, had come out to be married, under the protection of the captain, who had promised not to lose sight of her until the ceremony was performed. However mean he might be in purveying for his ship, he was certainly an honourable man regarding any promise he might make; and we observed, that before entering the bay he had put on a white waistcoat, white gloves, and a dashing necktie. The first steamer that came alongside after we had anchored, conveyed her destined husband. He wished to escort her on shore; "But no," said Captain M., "she does not quit my sight till she's your wife;" so they went ashore, and were married that evening. I never saw Captain M. after, except in imagination, when I pictured my being seated with him in the cabin

before leaving the London Docks, when he told me how favourable a time I had selected for my visit to America, how my fame as a vocalist had spread there, and what thousands of dollars I must bring home, whether I liked it or not. I eagerly waited the approach of the next steamer, which was to convey the cabin passengers on shore; meantime I paced the deck, almost fancying myself Columbus, and believing that all I saw was my own discovery, that the island opposite was thronged to the edge of the shore with painted Indians ready for a roast, eager to get at me; just then a tap on the shoulder from my kind friend Major Bender informed me a steamer was at hand, and he proposed we should make straight for the City Hotel, where he and I had agreed to pass a few days ere he proceeded to his quarters in Toronto. Soon we were landed on the battery, took an open car, and whirled through the wide gay thoroughfare to the hotel. It was now dusk as we proceeded; fountains in the middle of the street were in full play, lit by coloured

lamps, which obscured from sight, gave the brilliancy of diamonds to the sparkling drops that fell. On the balconies were military bands, flags were flying in all directions, ladies in gayest costume were thronging the street, gentlemen were lounging in chairs outside their hotels, smoking their cigars and drinking champagne; altogether an extraordinary scene of gaiety and wealth presented itself. It was as if the whole city had risen with one accord to greet the arrival of Major Bender and Henry Phillips. This, however, was certainly not the case, as the Major knew, and as I too soon found out. When we alighted at the steps of this splendid hotel, the landlord advanced to meet us, greeted the Major by name, and to my utter astonishment myself also, shook me heartily by the hand, said he was particularly glad to see me, and guessed my bed-room was 216, third floor, and no mistake. How he came to know my name and select my bed-room I could not imagine, until the Major enlightened me by saying, "The odd-looking

man, the huge pocket-book, the captain's whispers;" so it came out it was the business of the odd-looking man to inform the hotels who were coming, and give to each newspaper intelligence of whom had arrived. My astonishment did not cease here; we were ushered into a long saloon, rather indifferently lit at one end, but with a strong gas-light over a portion of the long table well spread with materials for supper: cold viands of all kinds lay before us; dilapidated turkeys, remnants of fowls, monstrous melons, and in the midst lobsters, that sat up in the dishes like diminutive elephants; little gentlemen, called soft crabs, were scattered in groups here and there, and a gigantic dish of Brobdignac oysters completed the repast. Tumblers of crystal water, with lumps of ice, were placed to each guest, and down sat the Major and I, hungry as hunters, though oppressed by the intense heat, to enjoy a little fresh food, a blessing we had been unaccustomed to, for the last fortnight. The soft crabs I shuddered at, the huge lobsters I refused to attack, so I took an oyster—

such an oyster—it almost filled my plate—and all my powers of calculation were called into action as to how the creature was to be divided ere it could be disposed of. Hunger speedily suggested a mode, and such an oyster I never tasted before! Talk of our English natives! they are pigmies both in appearance and flavour; give me the American byster. I was in the height of my enjoyment, when a strange, sharp, buzzing sound seemed whizzing round my head. "What a singular noise," said I; "what can it be?" The Major smiled, so did three or four New Yorkers sitting opposite to us. At last, a sharp, sudden sound gave notice of some attack on my forehead; I jumped up, exclaiming, "What an extraordinary thing! I fear I am stung!" They all laughed loudly as I said this, but the Major kindly told me it was a mosquito, and that I should be much better acquainted with them before morning. After this intimation I could no longer sit at the table, so went to the hotel door, smoked a cigar, had a drink, as they call it, at the bar, viz. a little brandy and water,

with a lump of ice in it, and went to bed. One of the waiters (who were all young athletic Irishmen) escorted me to my chamber, and asked, "If I had a mosquito bar?" "A what?" I inquired. "A mosquito bar," he repeated. "No," I said; "I don't know what you mean." "Well, sir," said he, "I'm afraid you will before morning," and bidding me good night, added, "Pray put out your light as long as possible before you get into bed, and as soon as you can." Following these instructions I placed myself in utter darkness, got into the wrong end of the bed, thinking they had not turned it down, and scarcely closed my eyes during the night, having no pillow, fancying scorpions and serpents were crawling all about me, and wishing I had never left England to be devoured by such wretches. My companion, Webb, I thought of too; he was younger than I was, and rather fat—what a feast they'd have off him—my mind was absolutely tortured, till, half smothered beneath the sheet, a sound doze closed the remembrance of that eventful night. In the morning I arose

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with what appeared a very stiff neck, and a large lump on one side, which was much inflamed. In turning over the clothes to get a little air, I found a large black spider had been comfortably reposing by my side. I killed it, and the blood spread to an amazing extent on the sheet; however, I thought little of it, and went to a chemist to ascertain if he could give me anything to lull the inflammation in my neck, produced, as I thought, by the mosquitos who had all attacked that one spot. The chemist smiled, gave me a lotion, some medicine, asked me a number of questions regarding my health and habits, and begged to see me again in the afternoon. Soon after breakfast I was visited by two of our fellow-passengers, one of whom I really could not recognise; it turned out to be Thorpe, the fat youth, who was always trying means to get thinner. He had gone to an hotel on the Battery, where, being close to the water, the mosquitos swarm, and by the advice of some wag, he had left his windows open, and burnt his candle. This was considered by

the gentle tribe an invitation, which they accepted with great gusto, and positively distorted and frightfully inflamed every feature in his face. His sufferings were intense. I believe we each thought we were doomed to perpetual torture, and certainly reflected for a time with horror, on the step we had taken.

## CHAPTER V.

BEFORE visiting America, I had read much, and made myself somewhat acquainted with the peculiarities of the people. I was therefore in a manner prepared for any position in which I might be placed. In addition, I received a letter from Mr. Robert Keeley, the comedian, describing to me one of the singular sensations he experienced, when first visiting the United States:—

"Nov. 9th, 1842.

"Lord Mayor's Day, and Young Prince's Birth-day.

"MY DEAR PHILLIPS,

"You ask me for my autograph. I will give you an extract from my note book, which I kept when I was in America, 1837. It is an allusion to a habit which prevails in most of the hotels in the United States, of calling all their inmates from their beds in the morning

either by a bell, or, as in this instance, by a gong. The gong at the Tremont House, Boston, United States, is the instrument that calls folks up in the morning, and to their meals: but as we did not take our meals in the public room, and always went late to bed, it used to beat sometimes a most unwelcome reveillé to us. The sound of the gong too invades the ear with such a mysterious clang that its reverberations are almost invested with solemnity. I can give no better idea of its effect upon my sense than a recollection of one of my morning dreams, while staying at the Tremont House. I saw the passage of the Red Sea, the Jews passed safely over on the dry ground, and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left. They had all got bags upon their shoulders, and were crying "old clothes." I could not help my dream, and the Egyptians pursued and went in after them to the midst of the sea, even all Pharaoh's horses, his chariots, and his horsemen. Presently I heard the awful sound of the threatening waves, the host passed on heedless of the noise, on came the water with a mighty rush, its noise mingling with the clang produced by the clash of the armour of the poor helpless warriors who were dashed against each other by the overwhelming waves. With that power of double identity which one possesses only in the fantastic convertibility of dreams, even while I beheld this, I was at the same time in the midst of the host, and saw myself jostling among them in a most awful fix. Struggling with the horror of my situation I awoke, and awoke with the awful sound yet

pealing in my ears. The gong was beating the morning call to rise; and so strikingly did it continue the noise in my dream that my waking senses could with difficulty be persuaded as the reverberation filled the extensive lobbies of the hotel, that Pharaoh's soldiers were not at that moment banging against each other, and that the Red Sea was not rushing over the Tremont House.

"R. KEELEY,
"Theatre Royal, Drury Lane."

I had many letters of introduction, and the next morning I prepared to deliver some of them. The principal was from Charles Horn, the composer, to General Morris, the Tom Moore of America. He was partner with N. P. Willis, in a weekly journal, and bore the reputation of being not only an excellent poet, but a patron of music, and having much influence with the leading people of the city. He received me very kindly, had nothing of the Yankee about him, either in manner or appearance, being short, stout, fresh-coloured, and of European address. My interview was at his printing office, where we had a long conversation, during which he remarked; "You have much to contend with in coming to

this country: first, you are not known! Vocalists are rarely recognised who come here unconnected with operas. Again, it is the very height of the Presidential election:* people think of nothing but mass-meetings, torchlight processions, political speeches, and rowdy dinners. You could not," he continued, "have fixed on a more unfortunate time." "Oh! Captain M.," thought I, "was it not too bad of you to advise me as you did?" Indeed it was! but he was not worse than the gentleman who gave me this intelligence; for he counselled me on my first evening to give my naval and other songs of Charles Dibdin. Relying on his advice as that of a friend, I consented to do so, and accordingly ordered my programmes to be set up, leaving open the room I should select, and the day on which I should give it. Thus I departed, well satisfied with my interview, and under the impression that I had got into the right channel. My next introduction was to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, editor of the New

* The candidates being Polk and Dallas.

York Herald: this came through Mr. Haywood, the comedian, one of my fellow passengers, who was well known to him. Mr. Bennett received me most politely, asked me to dine with him, introduced me to his family, and promised me editorial notices, which were considered of the greatest importance; and most duly and faithfully did he perform his promise, which, no doubt, did me great service. Some English gentlemen, Mr. Sanderson, of the firm of Sanderson, cutlers, Sheffield; Mr. Stodart, the pianoforte maker, and many others, behaved in the kindest manner, inviting me to dinner, and treating me like a prince. One of the first merchants in the city also invited me to dine, and asked a large party to meet me. During dinner, he inquired if I had fixed my first evening? I replied, "Not quite." "Because," said he, "take my advice; on that night introduce our great national song, 'The Star-spangled Banner;' it will add to your reputation in this country." I had heard of the song, but had not seen it. I said, "I would, however, do so, and if I

could sing it with effect, would certainly introduce it." This gentleman's house was quite a mansion, most elegantly furnished, and exquisitely adorned with vases, clocks, figures,—all French, and of the very finest manufacture. The room we assembled in was oblong, and at the extreme end of it were two large folding doors, which appeared to me as if they had been badly painted, or not equally; for in one place the colour was a dark, deep red or brown; in another, a light brown: then a space of fawn-colour: and the shades seemed as if flickering about—so irregular was the movement, and so strange, that I began to attribute the effect to a want of clear vision. When all had assembled, at a given signal the folding doors were thrown open by two men-servants; and as we passed through them into the dining-room, they assumed an uninterrupted fawn-colour. "Well! this is very strange," thought I; "what can it be?" The doors were again closed, grace said, and we sat down to the banquet—for, indeed, a perfect banquet it was. In a few minutes I turned quietly

round, and there again was the same appearance —a moving mass of unequal tints. The host, observing me, said, "What, looking at my doors? They are cockroaches. New York abounds with them. Quite harmless, I guess; go on with your dinner." I did, but felt a shudder creep over me at the unusual sight. I was then new to the country, but got perfectly accustomed to the cockroaches, long before I reached the source of the Mississippi.

I now visited the various theatres; Niblos Gardens—a kind of Vauxhall in the centre of the city; then Florence's Shades; and drank my first glass of sherry cobbler, which appeared to me the nectar I had read of in the Heathen Mythology; looked at the various rooms where concerts were given, including the Tabernacle (for in America, concerts are as frequently given in the churches and chapels as in any ordinary building). I selected the Apollo Rooms, and, under the advice of General Morris, announced the Naval and other Songs of Charles Dibdin. My attendance was meagre. I charged a dollar

admission, while many said it should have been only half-a-dollar. My reception from the English portion of my audience was good. I was in excellent voice, but all my songs of the first part were so coolly received, that I feared they did not like my singing. I came then to the second part of the entertainment, which was of mixed character, including 'My Boyhood's Home;' 'The Light of Other Days;' 'Down among the Dead Men;' 'The Best of all Good Company,' &c., &c.; these seemed to please my audience a little better. When the concert was over, I found Webb was of opinion they did not much like me. I thought so, too. "Then," said he, "I heard their remarks as they went out; which were to the effect—'Why did he choose the sea-songs of England? Why insult us by praising the Britishers?'" Another party declared, that anyone could sing as I did; they heard every word, and I only went straight through. I considered they had, without being aware of it, paid me the greatest compliment they possibly could; for by art and practice I

had disguised all difficulties so completely as to make all I did, appear quite natural, and, perhaps, unskilled. "I'm afraid," continued Webb, next morning, "that you have ruined yourself by singing Dibdin's songs." "Well, but," I replied, "it was by General Morris's advice." "Yes," said Webb, "and I have found out why,—because he publishes the words of all Dibdin's songs, and has used you as an advertisement for his book, regardless of your interest." I was really confounded. "Is it possible," I exclaimed; "then I shall put no more faith in these Yankee advisers, but will act on my own responsibility;" so I announced for my second evening, extracts from the operas I had originally sung in, and a miscellaneous act of my most popular ballads. My attendance gave evidence of the injury I had inflicted on myself by the sea-songs of the first evening, for, if anything, it was worse. Not easily discouraged, I went through my task with as much energy as if my room had been crowded, and awaited the verdict of the critics and the public. Judge of my dis-

appointment when they all echoed each other, in saying, they did not want to hear extracts from operas that they had heard fifty times before, and perhaps quite as well sung; but that they were afraid to dwell on. I was getting savage. One person advised me to this; another to that. I threw all aside; would not listen to any one after what I had experienced, so resolved on giving an evening of sacred music —extracts from oratorios; for which I engaged Mr. Loder, nephew of the celebrated John Loder, then a resident teacher in New York, to accompany me. This failed to attract, and the journals thought such songs ought not to be sung out of the oratorios. Thus I was roughly handled on all sides, and became weary of my position; not that any of the editors or reporters spoke ill-naturedly, on the contrary, they were most kind; and, I sincerely believe, most anxious that I should succeed. What they advised, was original songs; but that was not to be done in a day: composers are not shoemakers, and cannot write songs to measure or order.

I did not know how to act for the best. During this hesitation, I again met the gentleman, at whose table I was so magnificently received, and who upbraided me for not singing their grand national song on the first evening.

"Did you look at it?" he inquired.

"I did."

"Well, and what did you think of it? We are not a little proud of such a song in America."

"Do you consider it an original melody?"

"To be sure I do," said he. "There's no mistake about that."

"There must be some," I returned.

"How so?" said he.

"Why, if I must tell you the truth, it is a very old English song, popular some eighty years ago in England, entitled, 'When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove,' "

"Well, then," said mine host, "you must have taken it from us."

This settled the matter. I certainly had heard

that, whenever an American got hold of anything, he invariably "held on," as they term it; but I had no idea that such an assertion could be made, or claim laid, to a tune that was so indisputably acknowledged as English. I had pretty well determined not to sing any more in New York, for the present, when a gentleman was announced at my hotel, as the bearer of a letter from Boston, Massachusetts, of some importance. Who should this be but Mr. Hayter, formerly organist of Hereford Cathedral, whom I had first known when a lad; and at whose sacred performances I had sung with Mrs. Salmon, at the parish church, when I was not more than twenty years of age. Our meeting was a very agreeable one, bringing with it so many early recollections. The letter he bore was from Mr. Chickering, of Boston, the piano-forte maker, the Broadwood of America, offering me an engagement at the Handel and Haydn Society, for two or three oratorios, which were always given on the Sunday evenings, even in that Puritanical city, and also offering me the hospitality of his house,

which I respectfully declined, it being my custom always to stay at an hotel. Mr. Hayter described the character of this gentleman, his liberality, his mildness of disposition, his family, his reputation—but no, nothing could move me. I accepted the engagement, but not the invitation—and so we parted. I was under arrangement to visit Philadelphia, after New York, and promised to accept Boston afterwards.

Immediately on Mr. Hayter's return, I received a very peremptory letter from my friend, Mr. Chickering, saying, if I did not accept his invitation, I could not sing in the oratorios. This settled the question. I waived all prejudice, and decided to make his house my head-quarters.

Though I had not altogether failed in New York, I could not consider I had succeeded, when I prepared for my departure to Philadelphia. I had been nearly a month in the city, and, as far as a new country, new usages, new climate, beautiful localities, sea breezes, luxuriant tables, and kind friends, were concerned, I never passed

a more enjoyable time. My almost daily visits to either Statten Island, Hoboken, Brooklyn, or the straight path of Broadway, afforded at every point new objects of pleasure and surprise; and my feeling was then, what it still remains, that I never yet visited a city, in which I should so much like to reside as New York. While there, a beautiful Gothic church was being raised, next to my hotel, in the steeple of which it was intended to place the first peal of bells that had ever been heard in that city. This thought gave rise to a song which I then wrote, picturing the effect of the bells as deep and joyful peals rolled over the placid waters of the bay.

Having ascertained how little luggage I could travel with, I prepared for my journey to Philadelphia, taking only my portmanteau, and large brown carpet bag, leaving my pianoforte and other matters at my head-quarters, the City Hotel. An acute gentleman was the landlord, Mr. Milward. He must have been a swift flyer who escaped his eagle eye. At the time I arrived, an anecdote of his sharp wit was

quoted by every one. During lunch time, and again in the evening, the periods at which the bar-room, as it is termed, is most frequented, he generally took up his post there, to watch all that was going on. I must explain that on a huge counter, are placed decanters of every kind of spirit, with alternate jugs of hot and cold water. Ten cents are paid to the barman, and a drink taken—that is, each person assists himself to the spirit he prefers, makes it tolerably strong or weak, with hot water or cold, and there the matter ends, and, commercially, the bargain is completed. A man, however, had been long observed frequenting the bar, who, after paying his ten cents, nearly filled his tumbler with spirit instead of water. The host wished to get rid of him, but, reluctant to give offence, did not know how, till at last he hit upon a mode which succeeded to perfection. The gentleman walked in as usual, took his tumbler of brandy, with very little water, and offered ten cents.

"What's this?" said Mr. Milward.

"Ten cents," said the man. "I guess that's right."

"No, I calculate not," replied the other: "Ten cents, retail, but only five when we sell it wholesale." That customer never came again.

My luggage was put together, got into the omnibus, and sent away to the ferry, where we cross the Hudson to Hoboken, and enter the rail. On alighting from the omnibus, we found a man standing, with an armfull of leather straps, from which were suspended tin labels, with stamped numbers. He inquired, "Is this your portmanteau?" "Yes." "This your carpet-bag?" "Yes?" "Where for?" "Philadelphia." He fastened on a strap with the suspended label, and gave the passenger one similar, without the strap. The luggage was then placed on a van, destined for that city, and we had no more to think of till our arrival. Having gained the termini, a man accosted us with, "What hotel are you going to?" "The Mansion House," I reply. "Mr. Head's." "Any luggage?" "Yes!" "Give me your checks. Walk on. All right."

We handed him the checks, and proceeded to the hotel, where Mr. Head met us at the door, and said, "Your luggage has arrived, sir. You will find it in No. fifteen, second floor," and that was all the trouble we experienced, in a journey of nearly three hundred miles. We found frequent refreshment on the road—say, every twenty-five or forty miles; hot oysters, pig's feet, bull-frogs, fried terapins, hot corn bread, &c., &c., and plenty of newspapers were exchanged by the passengers as one train passed another.

The Mansion House Hotel, was the most comfortable I had yet been in. Mr. Head was an Englishman, and had endeavoured to render it as much like home as possible. The most sedate and educated travellers consequently congregated there. The only difference at once perceptible between this and our English hotels was the fact of the waiters being of necessity negroes. This city is certainly at particular points most splendid, some of the houses being constructed of white marble, with bright green

jalousies, fastened back with various coloured ribbons, the knockers bright platina—the handles of the doors the same. Their appearance has been described as resembling scenes in a pantomime. It had not that effect on me. It was only a reality I had not witnessed before. The streets are all built in parallel lines, so that it is at first very difficult to find your way about. All is so clean, and beautifully kept, it reminded me of our most fashionable towns in England, such as Leamington. Then there are the State House, and the room, preserved in all its pristine simplicity, where Washington and his colleagues sat in consultation, and sent forth the declaration of independence; and the Fair Mount Water Works, a charming spot, and the long market, abounding with every delicacy, and every variety of substantial provision.

It was here, I was particularly struck with a circumstance which appeared to me a strong evidence of a merciful feeling pervading the community, viz., that the fowls, turkeys, geese, eels, &c., &c., were all decapitated. What a

merciful way of taking life, instead of torturing the poor things, as we do in England. In this city I sang at the Philharmonic, which was then a strange jumble of musical arrangements.

I gave also a few of my own entertainments, but they were not successful. It was at the bar room of one of the principal hotels I first saw, laid out in plates on the counter, an edible which somewhat resembled a fried sole. I observed several persons devouring them greedily, and on enquiring what they were, learned, to my extreme horror that they were *bull frogs*, gutted, split open, and fried in eggs and breadcrumbs. It was the first time I had ever heard of a frog being eat entire.

During my stay in this city, which was about a fortnight, I had observed a gentleman opposite to me at the dinner table, who, from his appearance, dress and manners, I fancied must be an Englishman. I was on the very point of inquiring, when, ordering a pail of ice in my bedroom, with a decanter of madeira immersed in it,

one of the niggers said, "You look hard at massa dat sit opposite to you at dinner; do you know who him is." "No!" I replied, "I do not; do you?" "O yes, massa; he berry great man in dese parts. Him Fennimore Cooper." "Dear me!" I exclaimed, "what! the great novelist?" as if the nigger knew what a novelist meant. "I don't know dat," said he, "but he makes books of de Indians in de prairies." "Oh!" I said, "it must be the same. I would give anything to know him personally. I will write a note—will you give it him?" "Yes, massa." I wrote, inviting him to smoke a cigar with me in my bedroom, and received a most kind message in reply, saying he would attend me immediately. He came, and we passed a couple of most delightful hours together. He invited me to visit him at his country house, bordering on a little village he had built, called Cooper's Town, which I promised to do if possible, but never could accomplish, and consequently did not see him afterwards. When about to quit New York, on my return to Eng-

land, I received the following letter from him, which I sacredly preserve:—

"Otego Hall, Cooper's Town,
"May 23rd, 1843.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your letter, dated April 10th, reached this place while I was absent at Washington. This circumstance will account for the delay in answering it. I passed a face in Broadway last week that I remembered to be yours when it was too late to speak to you; and regretted that I did not sooner recollect to whom it belonged.

"In reply to your question about the prairie on fire, you will find it in a book called 'The Prairie,' which can be obtained in most libraries of such sort of writing.

"It has not been my good fortune to meet you since our interview at Philadelphia. The world is so coming together, and getting to be so neighbourly, that I trust we shall yet see each other again before we quit the scene altogether.

"Yours, most faithfully,
"J. FENNIMORE COOPER.

To
"HENRY PHILLIPS, Esq.,
"New York."

Not very long after this I heard of his death.

He was a robust, strong, healthy-looking man, the last person I should have thought would have so soon departed. He has left no equal as a novelist in America. He, in fact, was "the last of the Mohicans."

We now proceeded to Boston, Massachusetts, taking the steamer from New York for some hundred and fifty miles, to join the rail which ran into the city. It was a dark, stormy evening when we embarked, and soon, in consequence of a deluge of rain, we were driven down into the close and unwholesome cabin, the vessel pitching and rolling fearfully. It was of rare occurrence for me to feel sea-sick, but that evening I did, and in a state of misery known only to those who are so situated. I asked the nearest nigger present to give me some brandy. He grinned, and said, "You get no brandy here, massa; him's a temperums ship." "The deuce it is!" said I, "what am I to do?" "Stop a bit," said he, "I'll get something for you." He immediately returned, with a soda water bottle full of a dark-looking liquor, which he poured into

my half cup of tea, saying, "Dere, massa, sarsaparilla bere good ting for sea-sickness." I tasted, and found it was excellent brandy. I gave him half-a-dollar, and requested a little more sarsaparilla, which he again poured into my fresh tea cup, while he held his sides with laughter, and grinned like a hyena. I found in after travelling whenever I had the ill-fortune to get on board a temperance ship, that the niggers were always well supplied with sarsaparilla, and liquors of every kind.

Having at length landed, we took rail for Boston, and first experienced a keen Yankee trick. On being asked by the superintendent if that was my luggage, he said "Overweight—I want two dollars." At this I rebelled. "Well," said he, "If you don't like it, I'll have it weighed." As I suspected they would then make it come to four dollars, I gave him the two, which he put in his pocket, laughing heartily, and said "You are a cute Britisher, I guess!" "Yes," thought I, "but not so cute as you are, for I've lost the money, and you've got it." I now drove to Mr.

Chickering's house, beautifully situated in the City Park. The man-servant, an Englishman, opened the door, and said Mr. Chickering was not yet at home, but would I walk up into my bed room, wash my hands, and Mrs. Chickering would receive me. I followed him into a front room on the first floor, most beautifully furnished and thickly carpetted. Crimson velvet curtains adorned the windows; a French mahogany bedstead, with velvet curtains, and elegant hangings, occupied another side of the room. In fact, the apartment was furnished more like a drawing, than a bed room. I said, "You surely must have made a mistake; this cannot be for me?" But as he assured me it was, I proceeded to change my dress, it being then near dinner-time. Having completed my toilet, I went down stairs, and entered a long room, which led into a conservatory, at the upper end of which stood a tall thin lady, elegantly, and I may say brilliantly dressed, who it soon appeared was Mrs. Chickering. She received me with all the cold formality of the American ladies, and informed

me that her husband would soon be in, as they dined at five. She hoped I was quite well, and had not been sick while in America. I, not understanding the term as she used it, said, "No, not once till last evening, when I was very sick." "I guess you're well now," she continued, "and that you'll keep so." I bowed my gratitude for her information, and a knock at the street door announced the arrival of our host.

How frequently in corresponding with persons we have never seen, they become vividly mirrored in our imagination, the very reverse in manner, ideas, and appearance, from that we actually find them. I had conceived Mr. Chickering to be a tall stout man, somewhat proud and austere; good hearted, but with an odd way of showing it—seeming at times as if he was conferring a favour on you by inviting you to his house, but begging you would make yourself as much at home as the stateliness of the place, his family's superiority, and his large fortune, would permit. Judge of my astonishment, when

a little thin person walked into the room, with a modest, ordinary, almost bashful cast of features, who shook me by the hand as if he had known me all his life, whose hard palm bore the evidence of labour, and whose dress might have been brushed with much advantage. He apologised for not being at home when I arrived, hoped I would pardon his appearance, for he had been hard at work in the warehouse. "Mrs. Chickering will make up for my want of dress," said he, with a smile, "so I'll just polish my hands, and we'll have dinner. Hayter will be here in a few minutes."

I was amazed—Hayter to dine with us! my friend exactly the reverse of what I had pictured! the mansion he occupied! His sons then joined our circle, as fine a set of young fellows as ever met my gaze, open-hearted like the father, and with no foppishness or affectation. The dinner announced, I quite forgot where I was, and could scarcely credit that all my beloved ones were three thousand miles from the table I sat at. How immediately will kind-

ness and affability calm the beating of a stranger's heart! It was difficult at the moment to believe, that by some enchantment I was not again at home!

## CHAPTER VI.

A HAPPIER dinner table could not well be imagined than that at which we were now seated. It would be difficult also to conceive of a better repast, which consisted of bass, wild turkey, canvass backed ducks, &c., &c. At the dessert appeared hickory nuts, which much resemble in flavour our walnuts, but they are of a different form, for the kernel lies in cells, which are picked out by a little steel instrument. In the evening we had some music, I sang the 'Emigrant ship;' and by the host's desire, 'The last man,' which for years he had been longing to hear me execute, "though," as he said, "I never saw the remotest chance."

We then, according to American custom, took to our cigars, and separated for the night, as friends do in England who have yearly met for half a century. Next morning I began my voyage of discovery. First, as a matter of course, I must visit the pianoforte store, a fine square block of building, with shops of all sorts underneath—when I say underneath—I mean, even with the street; grocery stores, wine stores, coffin stores, all sorts of lively and useful warehouses. The factory itself was quite a beehive. The sons were at their desks; the clerks at their accounts; the machinery in full work; and Mr. Chickering in his own little sanctum leathering the hammers, which was his delight and employment. I was then shown the Lions of the City, the chief of which to me, and to my friend, was an attic in a narrow street, where Mr. Chickering, a penniless young man, first lodged and worked at leathering hammers for pianofortes, until by industry and ingenuity he became the great manufacturer we then beheld him. He looked with affection on the spot

which first sheltered him, and said, "he should weep if he lived to see it destroyed" I have no doubt the apartment still remains, though the remains of its former occupant have long been mouldering in the silent grave.

How am I to speak of this man, whose affability, charity, hospitality, industry, humility, honour and sobriety, all combined to render homage but a slight acknowledgment of his virtues? His memory lives green in the hearts of thousands, and in no one is it more thankfully or more warmly cherished than in my own. His features, manners, speech, are ever before me, and will never depart from my recollection till I depart likewise.

There is a peculiarity in the American instruments that at once struck me as an advantage over the European, viz. that the wood is not only of the most beautiful kind, but *solid*, and is not veneered, as with us. Whether this circumstance improves the tone I know not; but the instrument appeared to me more rich in volume, and of a purer quality than the generality

of pianofortes we meet with here. Next, as a manufacturer, to Mr. Chickering stood Stodart, of New York.

The notices of my singing in the oratorios in Boston, were much better than those of either New York or Philadelphia. I sang in 'Samson,' 'Judas Maccabeus,' and the 'Messiah;' in all of which I was much praised. My vocal coadjutors in these oratorios I cannot say much of, with the exception of the *soprano*, Miss Stone; she had a magnificent voice, an excellent conception of the writings of Handel; and I have no doubt, had she visited Europe, would have become a great and popular exponent of that school. Circumstance sseemed to operate against such a movement, however, and so I left, not without regret—"this flower to blush unseen."

After singing in the oratorios, I gave two or three of my musical entertainments, for which I was again complimented, but not rewarded. When, on one of these evenings, I sang 'The Soul's errand,' composed by W. H. Calcott, in

the last verse of which, near the end, I sustain the upper F a considerable time, the papers likened the effect to a tone "held between two parallel lines."

Having leisure between my entertainments, I visited Salem for one evening, and other places near; and on one occasion went with a gentleman, a solicitor in Boston, to Plymouth, or Plymouth, as they termed it there, to see the rock where the Pilgrims landed from the Mayflower. Having arrived at the spot, I was intent on the subject, gazing from the rock with arms folded, when turning to my companion I almost unconsciously said, "Of course I am looking across the Atlantic?"

He replied, "I guess you are; and if it warn't for your imperfect vision, and the rotundity of the world, you might see London."

In replies similar to this lies the wit of the American. He rarely laughs at anything he himself may say, or others, but he gives the most strange and quaint answers, which amount to an absurdity that to us is irresistible. I

shall have some of these to relate as I travel on, and they are certainly widely different from anything we meet with on this side the Herring Pond.

Returning to Boston I took leave of my kind friends, and stayed a few days at New York, again giving my entertainments with no better success. After stopping at Philadelphia I passed on to Baltimore, the city of monuments. Having written to Barnum's Hotel, saying on what evening I should arrive, I was warmly welcomed by the landlord, who gave me a magnificent bed-room, and a supper laid out on a marble slab, consisting of oysters, and every delicacy man could wish for.

The afternoon of the next day presented a procession of much interest. Headed by a military band, the veterans who survived the defence of Baltimore in 1814, marched along. Only twelve in number, they walked feebly around the monument which celebrates the event, and records one of the most gal-

lant and spirited actions in the annals of that war.

It was at Baltimore I drank, for the first and only time in America, a glass of port wine. The elder Mr. Barnum, then dead, had been frequently in England, and stored his cellars with some rare port for his English visitors. I was invited to taste this, and a very acceptable change it proved after the everlasting and indifferent Madeira we were obliged to drink in other cities.

At Baltimore I failed sadly, and proceeded to Washington, where I met with a little better success, but not important. It is a strange city, with a magnificent capitol, a straggling village radiating from its centre, a splendid museum, similar to that of Philadelphia, though in one respect inferior, for in the latter city they have a perfect skeleton of the Mastadon, tusks and all, and indeed a monstrous thing it is, and I believe the only one in the world. In Washington the museum abounds with Indian curiosities, such as numerous skulls of the *Flat heads,*

(a race of Indians now extinct,) the coat, sword, gloves and hat which Washington wore, and many other similar relics of by-gone times, an ugly large white house in which the president resides, a number of violently opposed newspapers, uncomfortable hotels, and an intolerable climate in cold weather. I soon crossed the Potomac, visited Charleston, where I saw nothing remarkable, except thousands of Turkey buzzards, great ugly birds, like dirty pelicans, covering the tops of the houses, or fighting by dozens in the streets, for an offal thrown into the road, and everlasting drunken brawls in the supper-room of the hotel.

During the evening one of the principal editors there, who was sadly intoxicated, addressing me, said, "You Britishers are like cocoa-nuts, plenty of milk inside, but very hard to get at; while we are like melons, all juice and full of heart." From thence we went to Columbus, leaving the city in the morning and returning next day, the distance being about forty miles. The railroad and the carriages

were somewhat singular, being composed of enormous vats, with a floor about one-third up, square holes cut in the sides, and painted most gaudily. It had a droll effect to observe the first in the train painted a bright yellow, and every now and then a black face popping out of the little holes in the side. This first carriage is allotted to the niggers, and into this, if you wish to smoke, you must go. Returning to Charleston, I for the first and only time in America appeared on the stage—a miserable affair, and one never to be connected with again. Away I went, treading hard on the heels of the sun, being anxious to avoid the excessive cold I had heard so much of when in the northern states. My next city was Richmond, in Virginia, and now I came gradually into the really slave states. The scenery around reminded me somewhat of our Richmond, near London, but it is rugged and uncouth, as if reflecting the people who dwell in it. The negroes present some very strange phases at times, as at a ball given every Christmas by the landlord of

the hotel to the negroes in his employment, I had an opportunity of observing from a sort of private box in the room. Most amusing it was to see the airs of gentility which these gentlemen assume in preparing the dance, handing refreshments, and strutting about with every possible affectation, as if superior beings. The orchestra was composed of negroes, who played upon all kinds of instruments, not always together, nor rigidly in tune. There was a master of the ceremonies, who was particularly great that evening, especially when he saw us. On one occasion the orchestra struck off a dance they had played before; upon this, the M.C. went up to them and said, "What a debil at, you niggers?—can't you remember you played dat afore? Gib de ladies someting new. Now! what are you all about?—anoder tune," and away they all went, helter-skelter, grinning, and laughing, and perspiring; for, though Christmas-eve, it was a suffocating night. There was no figure, no order; they twirled, and stamped, and jostled each other, and they

begged pardon, and so the dance ended, and then the master of the ceremonies again approached the orchestra and said, "Ber well—a good tune; hab some drink?" and they all grinned, and drank, and waited his next order.

I selected the theatre for my entertainments, of which I gave three, but with no better success than before. Just previous to my departure, our landlord, who was an Irishman, said, "There is a grand concert of ancient music this evening; would you like to hear it? It is entirely performed by negroes. My head waiter is one of the members, and if you like he will take you." "Of all things," I replied. I was delighted at the idea, so my friend Webb and I prepared for the treat. About seven o'clock in the evening, down stairs came the head waiter, dressed in white trowsers, white waistcoat, and light blue coat, with as many bright brass buttons as could conveniently be sewed on all parts of it, a pair of white cotton gloves completing his attire.

We were told to follow him, and he would place us in the concert-room. We did so, through winding streets, and courts, and cow-yards, and all sorts of rough unlit places, until we arrived at a kind of large school-yard, with a building on one side, lighted up, and from the door of which, as if it had been the crater of a volcano, rolled forth clouds of hot steam. Around the door dozens of niggers were crowding and pressing, evidently unable to gain admission, standing on tiptoe, looking over each other, in the hope of getting a peep into the room. "Make way, dere! make way, dere, for de General's friends!" shouted our guide. This had the desired effect, for I believe they were under some remote impression that it might even be the General himself that was coming. Having entered the room, through a long line of niggers, our attendant again cried out, "Make way, dere, make way, dere, you black niggers, for some friends ob mine, Massa Phillips and his brodder!" The entire mass rose to stare at the only two white faces amongst

them, as we took our seats on a bench close to a large green baize curtain, which was evidently one side of the orchestra. Glancing around the room, I saw two large stoves, the pipes of which passed through the ceiling; the stoves themselves appeared almost red-hot. This added not a little to the oppressive heat of the building. There was a general whisper all over the room indicating a sort of satisfaction at our condescension in coming there; and a display of white teeth, that looked like a laundress's drying-ground; then arose a hearty and pointedly directed round of applause, which we acknowledged by standing up and repeatedly bowing, which they in turn showed their approval of by a perfect volley of, "Good! good! good!" Having resumed our seats, an indication of tuning commenced behind the green baize curtain, while every now and then a large black eye, or a broad nose, or a set of ivory teeth, was visible through sundry holes in the curtain. The key-note to tune was given by an awful clarionet; I never heard such a tone in my life, it

must have been in the family since the declaration of Independence: indeed, this idea was somewhat confirmed during the evening, for on more occasions than one it asserted the clarionet independence, most manfully. Tuning was now in full vigour; bang went a drum, loud blew a trumpet, clang went some cymbals, scrape went a dozen fiddles, not all in the same key, but very near it; the performers appeared to be tuning everything—even the music desks, for they were thumped and banged quite as much as the drums, while the leader, with that horrid clarionet, unceasingly called out, "Can't yer hear?—you've got de wrong note; what a debil a doin?" "Eh! eh! eh!" chuckled an old nigger, with a tremendous thump, "de drums is all right, eh! eh! eh!" So were the triangles and cymbals. Many of the ladies near me exclaimed, "Beautiful! beautiful! good! good! good!" This was merely to show their great appreciation of the divine art. A moment's cessation of the unearthly din—and with energetic force, the curtains were all drawn

aside, and discovered the entire company, vocal and instrumental, the ladies all in white, with monstrous plumes of red and white feathers, glass bead necklaces, and gigantic fans. The gentlemen, like our escort, were also in white, with the exception of the coat, the prevailing colour of which was blue, of various dyes. The orchestra had two leaders, the one with the horrid clarionet, the second a violin. I soon perceived that they looked daggers at each other when the slightest thing went wrong, as much as to say, "Dare, dat was your fault, you black nigger!" There was, to render the band complete, a violoncello, a contra basso, five flutes, a cornet, a trombone, three triangles, a pair of cymbals, and a very long, large drum, slung on the back of a full-grown boy, who, when he moved in the least, always got a kick from the drummer, to make him stand still. There were five or six extra violins, which, by some wise arrangement of the orchestra, were placed immediately behind the big drum, and close to where I was sitting. I

could not exactly comprehend the reason for this, unless it was, that they were not fit to be heard, in which case they could not have been better situated: however, they fiddled away with singular energy, while the nigger at the drum kept constantly turning round, grinning and nodding his head, as much as to say, "Here goes; fire away, but I'll take care you're not heard," which he certainly did. All being now ready, the leaders held up their instruments, and said, "Now, mind! one—two"—and bang went the drum. "What dat for? can't yer see? It's after three—can't yer count? Now, den, once more: one—two—tree"—and the first awful chord of the Concert of Antient Music was given. We all rose as the hymn 'Sons and Daughters of Pilgrims' was sung, first by the vocalists, and responded to by the audience, who, of course, all knew it well, it being constantly used in their chapel services. I have inserted a *fac-simile* of the concert bill, in which is ingeniously inserted at the end, "A white conductor." This was in-

tended not only to astonish the Browns, but the Yankees, as no white person will ever mix with a nigger in any way. I have no doubt the conductor's name was A. White, and presume it was the gentleman with the clarionet.

## CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC.

By permission of his honor the Mayor, there will be held on the night of 12th inst. in the Basement of Warfield's Church, by the COLORED PEOPLE'S MARION MUSICAL ASSOCIATION OF RICHMOND, a Concert, consisting of Recitatives, Solos, and Choruses.

### PROGRAMME.

*Part* 1.

1 Sons and Daughters of Pilgrims, [Temperance Hymn] .. .. Mason.
2 Great is the Lord .. .. .. Mason.
3 Wake the Song of Jubilee .. .. Haydn.
4 The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, [Psalm, 24 ch.]
5 Achieved is the glorious work—Solo and Chorus.
6 Fixed in his everlasting seat . .. Samson.

Recess of 20 minutes.

*Part 2.*

7 Gloria in excelsis—Chorus .. .. Pergolesi.
8 The Heavens are telling—Recitative, Tenor and Chorus.
9 Chorus—Landing of Columbus .. Mozart.
10 Bass Solo—Rejoice, O Judea .. .. Maccabeus.
11 Recitative Solo and Chorus from the oratorio of the Intercession—The multitude of Angels.
12 Grand Hallelujah—Chorus—[Rev. xix. v. 6] .. .. .. .. Messiah.
13 To the Cherubim—Chorus.
14 Hail Judea, happy land—Duett and Chorus.

☞ The doors will be opened by half-past 6 o'clock, and the performance to commence at half-past 7. There will be an efficient police force to preserve good order. A white conductor.

Price of Tickets 12½ Cents.

Taking all things into consideration, it was really surprising to hear with what exactness they went through the things, when once fairly started. The hymn over, the curtains were suddenly and forcibly closed again, when a little more tuning went on. At a given signal, the curtains were again drawn aside, and 'Great

is the Lord' commenced. At the termination of every piece, the curtains were alternately closed, and drawn open, which had the oddest effect imaginable. All went on in this way, till they arrived at 'Fixed in His Everlasting Seat,' when the five or six violins behind the big drum laboured till they were in a perfect fever. One of them, who was grinning and spluttering, was evidently playing all wrong, though we could not hear him. A moment's lull in the orchestra rendered his errors too apparent, and a thump on the cranium from one of his neighbours sent him head over heels off the orchestra, and he rolled like a porpoise at my feet, laughing till he could not stir.

The first part having ended, a recess was announced of twenty minutes. I wish I could have found out where the recess was, for I certainly would have crept into it out of the heat. The two leaders came to me, hoped I was pleased, and was there anything I would wish to hear in addition to their programme? I thanked them for their politeness, expressed my surprise

at their efficiency, and said, "I certainly should like to hear a solo from one of the ladies." This I was promised after the 'Gloria in Excelsis.' The second part was resumed, in the same style as before. The Gloria was really well sung, and the curtains closed, when the clarionet put his head between the drawn curtains, and said, "Ladies an' gentleman." "Hear! hear! hear!" shouted the grinning and complaisant throng. "Good! good! good!" "A gentleman as neber come in dis building afore, wishes a little extra. He wants a lady to do someting; dat is—don't mistake me—he wants her to sing a song—a proper one, for dis sacred music evening. So she will gib you a song ob Massa Handel, which you will find ver good!" Immense applause and stamping of feet followed that announcement: the curtains again separated, and up rose a negress, black as ink, and sang, 'Angels ever bright and fair,' exceedingly well; at the end of which she turned round and gave me one of the most extraordinary grins I ever beheld in my life. We applauded with all our might:

the curtains closed, and we retired, fairly exhausted by the terrific heat of the place and exciting novelty of the scene, which our African friends seemed to revel in, fancying it converted the building into their native climate. Having sat for an hour and a half in that heated apartment, I could not help likening myself to the speculum of a telescope in preparation; for it took me about a month to cool.

The hymns, it will be observed, were the composition of Mr. Mason, a resident professor of music in Boston, whom the Americans considered as a Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Sphor, and Mendelssohn, all rolled into one. That he was a clever man, there is no doubt; but the writer of hymns and popular part songs, for mere practice, does not constitute a great or immortal composer. The appreciation of men and women connected with art by the majority of Americans is most strange. If speaking of any popular vocalist as a great artist, they would reply, "I can't see how that is; she sings, and so does a nigger: what's the odds between 'em?"

We now prepared for our next city, Savannah; which having reached, and made our head quarters the Pulaski House, I sallied forth to seek my usual information; viz., what room to hire, what pianoforte to obtain, and what printer to employ. This done, I fixed my first evening, and, under advice, gave as long a notice as possible; visiting a city some thirty miles up the country in the meantime, to give one evening. I had written beforehand, as was my custom, to make all the preliminary arrangements, and arrived about twelve o'clock in the day. The person who kept the music store was to lend me a pianoforte on hire, and had promised it should be on the platform, with a music-stool, not later than four o'clock in the afternoon. Knowing how dilatory men of business are in these hot climates, I always took the precaution of ordering everything some hours sooner than was necessary. I went to the rooms at five o'clock, but no instrument had arrived. Six o'clock, still no pianoforte. Half-past—no signs of such a thing. I looked down the long avenue leading to

the store, but there was nothing on the way. Seven o'clock approached; and hot as the evening was, I resolved to go down to the store and enquire the cause, as in another half-hour my audience would be arriving. About a quarter of a mile down the road, I saw a little knot of negroes carrying something that resembled a square pianoforte. By the time I came up with them, they had laid it flat on the ground, and some six niggers were sitting on it. Another nigger was carrying two of the legs, a second two more, and a third the music-stool. The six were wiping their foreheads, and telling all sorts of stories, when I asked,

"Is that pianoforte for the concert-room to-night?"

"Yes, massa," replied one.

"Then, why don't you take it?" I said. "It ought to have been there two hours since."

"It's ber heavy," replied my friend. "We'll get on de track presently."

"Very well," said I, shaking my finger at

them; "I'll complain to your master;" and in a raging fever I reached the music store.

There stood the proprietor, picking his teeth with his penknife. He was a tall, thin-faced man, all bone and muscle. I was red with rage when I dashed into the shop and said,—

"What does all this mean?"

"What do you allude to, straanger?" he replied, in the coolest manner conceivable.

Speaking rapidly, I continued;—

"You said my pianoforte should be in the room at four o'clock: it's now past seven, and your niggers are sitting down on it in the street. It has put me in a fever of rage and disappointment. My auditors are coming. Those lazy brutes won't stir, and you ought to have seen them off three hours since. It's scandalous! shameful! abominable! How am I to sing after this? What excuse can you make?"

All this time he stood with his arms folded, looking coolly at me; and while I was waiting a moment to take breath and renew the attack, he said,—

"Well, straanger, have you done?"

I hesitated for an instant, and said,—

"Yes."

"Look you here, then," said he. "This is our mode of doing business: if you don't like it, move the pi-a-no forte yourself."

This philosophical mode of treating and looking at the matter put a stop to all argument, so I hastened back, and sang well to a very good audience. And afterwards referring in my mind to one of the most charming little books in our language; viz., Dodsley's Economy of Human Life, his words on anger occurred to me;—"Do nothing in a passion. Why wilt thou put to sea in the violence of a storm? If it is difficult to rule thine anger, it is wise to prevent it. A mild answer to an angry man, like water cast upon fire, abateth his heat, and from an enemy he shall become thy friend."

Let all who read this little extract get Dodsley's "Economy of Human Life," and if they do not benefit by its precepts, they must be made of

harder material than the generality of mankind. At the same time, without for a moment making any excuse for my hasty remonstrance, pray, let me ask, would not Socrates himself have rebelled against nine niggers being required to carry a little old, square, pianoforte? I think so.

Returning to Savannah, I made a tour of inspection round the city, observed its peculiarities, which consist principally in having no pavement—but loose sandy paths, on account of the heavy periodical rains, which the sand absorbing keeps the city in health, and the streets soon become ready for traffic. Another peculiarity of the city is its being built in squares. Its other feature was the immense and overwhelming population of negroes, compared with the white people; and in such subjection are they kept, that as soon as it is sundown, having in those climates no twilight, a large bell is rung, which can be heard all over the city; it continues for about ten minutes, during which the niggers and the pigs (though what sympathetic feeling there can be between the pigs and niggers I

could scarcely understand, unless it was that both knew the sound of the bell) all hurry home. Ridiculous as the thing may appear, it is a positive fact that the pigs and negroes do retire together. The pig, however, if he should happen to miss his way, or be late home, which might be occasioned by meeting with some friend who had delayed him in his progress, is forgiven. But the negro, a fellow-being and next of kindred to his master, if he chances to be late by only a few minutes in his shed after the bell has ceased ringing, is seized by the authorities, or proctors, who are prowling about, taken possession of, locked up for the night, and receives thirty lashes the next morning for his neglect of duty. The pig, then, is better treated than the negro. A certain number of citizens are either by turn elected, or hired for pay, to turn out at sundown, with loaded guns and fixed bayonets, to patrol the city during the night, thus protecting the peaceful inhabitants, and awing any attempt at conspiracy which might exist amongst the coloured population; a sad

state of things, as it appeared to us, but no doubt necessary, where the numbers of the white and black population are so disproportionate.

During my stay I attended some sales of slaves, and more fearful scenes I never beheld. One of them occurred in consequence of a rich planter having died, when his estate and his slaves were sold by public auction, which was conducted in the following manner. By the side of a chapel a few planks were placed on barrels sufficient to form a platform for the auctioneer. Projecting in front of him were a couple of boards extending to another barrel, for the parties to stand on who were to be sold. I believe some forty or fifty slaves comprised the morning's work, which I will not describe, as it would not answer any good or useful purpose.

I found but little musical feeling in Savannah. Two or three gentlemen, who had either known me in England, or heard of me, were very kind, but with these exceptions, none seemed to take any interest in what I did. A little fashionable feeling was aroused on my first evening, and I

had a fair attendance; but it lulled before my second night, and I did not prolong my stay.

On one of my leisure days I went to the theatre, which was wretchedly attended, and where there was as miserable a performance, to keep the audience in countenance. The orchestra consisted of a flute and two violins. The leader assumed all the consequence of his position, knocked his desk with his bow, and led as if a host of forty had to follow him. When the curtain rose, the flute and second violin left the orchestra, the leader put up his legs, his feet resting even with the stage, lit his cigar, and smoked away during the first act. The piece represented was some melodrama, and the actors evidently spoke whatever occurred to them, ranting and tearing, stamping, imploring and defying, while the niggers, who are always railed off in the gallery as if they were prisoners at a condemned sermon, applauded, and called, "Good! good!" The attendance was wretched, as well it might be. The few gentlemen in the boxes, whether they had ladies with them or not, smoked

the whole time. At the termination of the first piece, Webb and I returned to our hotel. It was a very dark night, and we had scarcely entered the bar room when some one enquired who was that just stabbed on the other side of the square. None could say. We only congratulated ourselves on our escape, having just passed the very spot. I endeavoured to ascertain all about it in the morning, but the matter was hushed up, no one seemed to know anything, and so, for aught I can tell, the affair rested.

Before I left the city a gentleman, who had behaved very kindly during my stay, drove me one morning into the forest, to see the extraordinary avenues of trees, graced by the suspended moss which grows upon them, and which, hanging in enormous festoons, gives exactly the effect of the fretted roof of a cathedral.

There is so great a similarity between the villages, or cities (as they are pompously styled), in the western states, that I think it unnecessary to describe them all.

Society, and the laws regarding it, we found

much the same till we reached New Orleans, and ascended the Mississippi, where a difference commenced, though I regret to say, *not an improvement.*

The next city I visited of importance was Macon, in the very centre of Georgia, the description of which I shall reserve for my next chapter.

At a party I was invited to in England, soon after my return from the States, I was questioned at great length as to what I thought of the country, how I liked the people, what language they spoke, and if I was not afraid of their revolvers and bowie knives, &c., &c. This was all very well, and I replied accordingly. But, after dinner, when we rejoined the fair sex in the drawing-room, an old lady laid siege to me, and poured in such a volley of enquiries, that it became past all endurance—so, thinking I had better settle the matter at once, by relating the fearful state of anxiety and danger under which I sometimes had to give my entertainment, I said that I gave a musical evening in one of the

cities on the Mississippi, where the society was so outrageous and revengeful, that, "if I had uttered a word which could be construed into a national insult, my life would have been immediately sacrificed." ("What a dreadful situation!" the old thing said:) "Accordingly, I prepared for the worst. Having hired a square pianoforte, I had it so placed that I faced the audience, and could see all that was going on when I either spoke or sung. I placed a large bowie-knife, ready drawn, on each side of the pianoforte, as well as a couple of six-barrelled revolvers, all ready loaded; and, to render my position still more secure, I had a tolerably sized cannon between my legs, under the pianoforte, loaded to the muzzle So, if the five hundred persons present had risen in revolt, I could have blown the instrument to pieces, have shot innumerable numbers, and, in the midst of the smoke and confusion, made my escape!"

The old lady was astounded, as well she might—said she had no idea America was so bad as all that—left me, and communicated the

dreadful intelligence to frightened and panic-stricken groups in every corner of the room. She believed it all. Her father had been captain of the marines at Woolwich for many years.

## CHAPTER VII.

MACON, in Georgia, is a very picturesque city, built in the middle of a forest, giving the idea that a space had been cleared, and the city dropped into it. I announced but one evening there, and had a very full room; and a more appreciating audience than I had expected to find in so secluded a spot. Having been successful, I thought a second performance might succeed, and announced one, with an interval of three days. The following day a gentleman was announced, who wished particularly to see me. This was Mr. Shrival, who had been formerly a pupil of mine in England, but who subsequently visited America, and married the

daughter of a wealthy planter and slaveowner, near Macon.

He had that day visited the city, it being the weekly market, and had with him some twenty of his father-in-law's slaves. He asked me if I would like to hear them sing their songs in all their primitive simplicity. I eagerly assented, and about ten of them were brought into my bedroom, two having their banjos. They sang to me, with amazing correctness, many melodies I had not heard before. The way they tuned their instruments was astonishing—so perfectly true—while, as to time, they were strict in the extreme. The way they preluded their songs was diametrically opposite to the representations given us in England by those gentlemen who black their faces, and who, clever as they certainly are, do not represent the mode in which the negroes execute their songs.

Another circumstance forces itself upon our notice—that is, are these melodies invented, or thought of, by themselves? I do not believe it. The negroes have an amazingly sensitive ear—a

quick perception of beautiful themes—but no invention. The songs, therefore, must be the fresh thoughts of the American musicians. By degrees they find their way into the slave states, and are sung by these black minstrels, with their primitive notions of time and accompaniments. Words will not convey the peculiarity I speak of, but some musical publication hereafter will possibly realize it.

Taking my usual survey of the city next day, I came upon a wooden bridge crossing the canal, which had a toll-bar, and a large board overhead, on which was painted these words,—

"No cart or carriage must go over this bridge faster than a walk, in neglect of which, if a white man, he will be fined five dollars—if a nigger, thirty lashes."

I was so struck with the injustice of this, that I took out my pocket-book, and copied it—during which, Webb, who was with me, knocked my elbow, shook his head, frowned, and at last said,—

"Don't."

I could not comprehend him. Thinking, however, something was wrong, I shut up my book, and walked on.

"What's the matter?" I enquired.

"Didn't you see?"

"No," was my reply.

"Why," said Webb, "the man at the toll-bar, a savage-looking fellow, came out, and eyed you from head to foot. He, no doubt, took you for an abolitionist. If that idea should spread, your life is not safe."

I was horrified—for I already knew well the uncontrollable vengeance an American mob wreaks on imaginary offenders. Lynch law is the word of revenge, and a few hours might see me suspended from some tree in the forest, or lamp-post in the city. A pretty position I was in.

Returning to my hotel, I related the circumstance to the landlord and his friends, who certainly entertained grave fears on the subject; and some twelve hours of suspense was the consequence of my thoughtlessness.

My danger did not, however, end here. The following evening was to be my next concert; and, as soon as the doors of the room were opened, which Webb guarded, a man presented himself, who was evidently under the influence of liquor, and, drawing his knife, said "he'd have my life, for I had swindled him out of a dollar a few nights ago. I was a humbug. I couldn't sing. I was a great rascal, and he'd have his dollar, or my life."

Many friends came to me, saying,—"For goodness' sake, don't approach the room!"

I wanted to expel the man, but they begged of me not. I consulted with the people of the house what was best to be done.

"I know the man," said the landlord. "There's but one way to deal with him. Do you mind spending a dollar, Mr. Phillips."

"Not at all," I replied.

"Well then," he continued, "send for a couple of slave-drivers with their lashes; and if he doesn't take his leave they'll make him; it

will not be the first time he has come under their hands."

I did so without delay, the men came, collared him, and held him at bay in the street, where he exhausted himself with threats, but not once did he come within reach of the dreaded, and at times uplifted thongs. Thus my evening passed quietly over, the room was not so full as on the first occasion, but altogether I cleared sufficient to enable me to proceed to Mobile, previous to which, I made a drawing of the entire city from an eminence at one end of the town; and, strange to say,—for it is but seldom two artists hit on the same spot,—there appeared in this year's 'Illustrated London News,' (1863,) an engraving of Macon, taken from the very point I had selected; the only difference between that, and the drawing I had made, being the growth, during some eighteen years, of the trees down the principal avenue.

Our railway train was advertised to start at five o'clock next morning *en route* for Mobile, and punctually at a quarter before five we were at

the station with all our luggage. The ticket office was not open, day had scarcely dawned, and no life was to be seen except a couple of negroes crawling about the railway shed, seemingly half asleep, and not knowing what to do. The clock struck five; still the office window was shut. A few more passengers arrived and began to be clamorous; we called to the two negroes, "What's the reason the ticket office is not open?"

"Don't know, massa," was their response, "s'pose de officer asleep, him come down presently, eh, eh, eh, eh, phew."

"It's all very well for you to laugh; but what are we to do?"

"Don't know, massa—phew," grinning like a couple of tom cats.

So we opened fire on the door, and window of the office, till a sleepy head from a little window just above, inquired, what the deuce we all wanted at that time in the morning?

"Want!" we said, with much indignation, "we want to go to Mobile."

"How many is there on you?" inquired our friend.

We counted; "Seven," was the result.

"Not enough;" cried the man of tickets, "can't send the train off with so few, try and get more."

"How are we to get more?" we exclaimed; "Open the office!" and away we all hammered at the door and window again.

At last down came the man, and when he opened the window he said, with a face like thunder, "Get up the steam; put on one car; five dollars."

It was now past six; and after waiting nearly half an hour longer, away we went at the rate of six miles an hour, the engine puffing and blowing as if, like the ticket man, wakened out of his sleep, and scarcely knowing where it was going, or what it was doing.

We had not proceeded more than ten miles when we came to a dead stop on the verge of a forest, the negro, who acted as conductor, politely informing us, "That there we must stay

the tank being dry," and consequently no water procurable. What was to be done; the next tank was some mile and-a-half further; nothing was left but to push the train on, and hope for water at the next place. Fortunately we there found a supply, and slowly we wended our onward way over viaducts built of wood, that swayed to and fro with the weight of the train, while underneath were the rotten stumps of pine trees, worn by damp and time to sharp points, which, if the carriages had left the rail, would have impaled us on so many spikes.

Having reached the Alabama river, we entered a steamboat, which looked very agreeable, having a good saloon, good berths and clear decks. With this pleasant prospect of a comfortable journey, we arrived at the first landing of a cotton plantation, where we stayed for about an hour taking in bales of cotton, which were piled up on both sides of the vessel. At the next landing they did the same, piling them up higher and higher until the windows of our cabins were blocked up, not ten feet of prome-

nade left on the deck, the saloon almost as dark as night, while a man continually went round the vessel pouring water on the bales to prevent their catching fire, and so perhaps destroying us all.

Landed at Mobile, I went to the principal hotel, made my usual inquiries, and found the city in the greatest state of agitation about the presidential election. Not a soul knew me, or had ever heard of me; so I thought it prudent to abandon all intention of singing, and embarked for New Orleans, where I found the worst and most debased state of society I had yet met with, —a society which was nevertheless, imbued with a feeling, that nothing connected with my art could be tolerated, save what was *Italian, French* or *German.*

The few evening entertainments I gave were all but unattended, and I lost nearly all I had gained in the other cities. I went to the St. Charles Hotel, the finest in the city, and a splendid establishment it was: but I was shocked to observe in the great vestibule under the dome,

which they called the bar room, and in which there were four large wooden pillars, that the latter were perforated with balls, fired from revolvers, by those quarrelsome gentleman who dispute upon every occasion, and settle the argument by taking each other's lives. I could tell many tales connected with this place which would scarcely gain credence, and which are, I think, as well left unrecorded. Having ascertained the steamer least likely to blow up during the journey, I soon took my departure, and ascended the Mississippi, visiting a few cities on its banks till I again gained the Northern States and entered Canada.

I find I have omitted one city in which I gave a very successful evening, viz. Montgomery, in Alabama, a straggling ill-built place, the very hot-bed of slavery, with a very indifferent hotel, but abounding with wealthy people, and ladies, assuming an absolute air of aristocracy. My concert took place in the dining-room of the hotel, a long apartment on the first-floor, with windows down to the ground, open-

ing on a balcony running the length of the room.

On the morning of my concert a gentleman was announced who wished to see me. I desired he might be shown in, when a tall stout person, with a long serious visage saluted me with, "I guess you'll have a full room to-night."

"So I hear, sir," I replied.

"Yes," he continued, "there's no mistake about that; I want a ticket; one dollar, I calculate."

"Exactly," I said.

"Well, before I take it," said the stranger, "just measure me across the shoulders."

"Not I, indeed; what for?"

"Never mind," said he, "measure me."

"Certainly not," I said; "what for?"

"Why, look you here, stranger, I'm pretty broad, I've two gals at home tarnation fond of music, and as thin as laths, you'll want all the room you can get, so let them two in instead of me, and you'll have space to squeeze in a third."

It was assuredly a very nice, and close calculation, but I respectfully declined.

Upon which he took the ticket, remarking, "How blind you Britishers are to your own interest."

The balcony I spoke of as running along the side of my room, would have been crammed with blacks in the evening had I not taken precautions to prevent this by placing a negro at each end, one with my revolver and the other with my bowie knife, paying them half a dollar each, and offering a dollar a head for all they shot or slaughtered, when attempting to get on the balcony. There they stood warning off all intruders, saying "Don't you come furder or I'll earn a dollar!"

The only annoyance experienced during the evening was from an extraordinary movement amongst the ladies occupying the front seats, who every instant jumped up, ran a step or two towards the platform, and then retreated laughing. After a time I found that millions of cockroaches were under my platform, and con-

tinually darted forth towards the occupiers of the front seats, the ladies vigorously meeting them and killing them with their feet. This performance annoyed me beyond measure, and I had scarcely the power of suppressing my feelings sufficiently to proceed with my entertainment.

After my sad failure in New Orleans, I ascended the Mississippi, with the intention of giving one or two evenings at Natchez. Our fares on the steamer were fifteen dollars each, which included board. Having landed, we wound our way up the steep road which leads into Upper Natchez; and I prepared to give my entertainment, which was really very well attended, for so small a place; sufficiently so, indeed, as to induce me to give a second.

It was at this place I met with some very agreeable Southerners, who asked me what I had seen during my journey in the States, and whether I was anxious to know all I could about them? I replied that I was most curious and anxious to visit all their institutions, see all their places of interest, and be witness, if possible, of

all their wild sports and pastimes. On this, they eagerly gave me an invitation to join them in the chase of the bear, which I accepted; and a party was speedily formed. Next morning early we started on our perilous expedition, which was commenced, conducted, and terminated, in the following manner. The party consisted of nine men, each armed with a double-barrelled rifle, a revolver, and large bowie knife. One man acted as the chief hunter, or beater for the bear, and we entered the wild and pathless forest, looking for the track of the bear, which always treads out for itself a straight road to the water licks, from which he rarely deviates. Having discovered the track, the chief hunter went forward to beat; this he performed with the aid of a long thick stick, which, striking against the ground and underwood, may be heard at a great distance. When he approached the spot where the bear lay hid we heard a slight indistinct growl, which at once proved his immediate presence. Each man was then directed to select for himself a tree sufficiently

strong to bear his weight, when he should have occasion to climb it; but so thin, that the bear cannot follow him—for the animal is unable to climb any tree which he cannot grasp; and his instinct is this.—The instant a person fires, if he chance to hit the bear, the animal immediately makes for that man; and, unless he is on the alert, and climb his tree, his life is naturally in great danger. I accordingly selected for myself a tree, which looked a very nice one indeed, and my companions theirs, forming a sort of semicircle round the place where the bear was supposed to be: and I must confess that when I found myself at the foot of this tree, with a rifle in one hand, and a bowie knife in the other, I did not feel quite so comfortable as I could have desired, more especially as I had never shot anything in my life. However, as I had no intention of firing, I thought I might remain in comparative security.

Our arrangements having been completed, the hunter again went forth, beating for the bear. In a few minutes its head and shoulders

were raised above the rushes, and I, being the nearest to it, levelled my rifle, fired, and, to my great astonishment, hit it. The bear, who was evidently equally surprised, immediately made for me, and I as instinctively endeavoured to climb the tree, but I could not get up an inch. Whether it was that I was unused to climbing, or that the tree was slippery with the moss which grew upon it, I cannot tell: whatever it may have been, the greater efforts I made to reach the top, the nearer I found myself to the root. The bear came within two or three paces, reared up on her hind legs, and was in the very act of grasping me, when my next neighbour fired, and shot her in the neck. She left me, and turned upon my friend, who retired some distance from the field of action, and looked quietly on. When the bear fell from the number of wounds it had received, the rest of the party rushed upon it and slaughtered it with their bowie knives—an example which I followed. We then tied it by its legs to a pole, and carried it home in triumph; my friends dancing, shout-

ing, flourishing their guns and knives in the air, and singing the most beautiful melody I had yet met with in my travels, to these words:—

"We'll sing the old song for the shot that is best,
By the wood fires bright, in the far, far west."

Originally this town had been the worst on the river; for in the lower part, facing the mighty stream, every house was inhabited by gamblers. The dwellings were of wood, and in the fronts at night, which were opened, sat all kinds of characters gambling, drinking, smoking, and swearing, with their revolvers and knives on the table by their sides, ready for any emergency that might arise. I was resolved to witness this extraordinary scene, and though advised by every one not to venture, I did, and passed safely through, and can boast of having seen what but few have dared to gaze upon. But a short time previous to this, to such a pitch of daring had the community arrived, that out of revenge for some interference, one of the most opulent men of the city was shot dead in the

public street at mid-day. The inhabitants then made an almost instant assault on Lower Natchez, and succeeded in capturing nine of the worst characters, whom they immediately hanged. This had the effect of taming them a little.

I now pursued my way further up the big river, to Vicksburgh. As I had to remain for many days before I gave my concert, and found the hotel very expensive, after some lengthened residence I asked my friend Webb how our funds were standing; when we found, to our great horror, that we only mustered some eight or ten dollars between us. This was sad news. However, I consoled myself with the knowledge that I had my diamond ring and brooch, which would, as I thought, have realized sufficient at least to enable us to pursue our journey, should my concert fail.

At length my evening came; and my entertainment being announced for eight o'clock, we went to our room a little after seven, arranged the pianoforte, and there waited the arri-

val of my audience. A quarter to eight—not a soul had arrived. Eight o'clock struck, and still not one arrival. At this I became enraged, and said the doors should be closed—"I'll not give it!"

Webb begged me to wait. I was, however, positive; when he said, "Look, sir! there's a large party coming down the avenue." I did not believe it was for me. At length it proved to be so; and in the course of a quarter-of-an-hour the place was crowded; in fact, I had three hundred dollars in the room.

As we were now all right for the pursuit of our journey, I thought, out of curiosity, I would enquire at the best jeweller's in the city, what money I might have obtained in case of necessity, by leaving my ring and brooch. To my surprise, he said, "Not a dollar! Diamonds are of no use here. The ladies all wear glass!" Had I closed my doors and given no concert, what a fearful situation I should have been in—nearly seven thousand miles away from home, totally unknown, in debt to the hotel, and with

no means of moving, to obtain further supplies!

After two days' and nights' almost hourly watching for a steamer, some arrived in the night; but all were full, the people lying all over the saloon and deck,—in fact there was not room to step between them: so I was still doomed to disappointment.

During these two days, a party of two thousand Indians, of the Chocktaw tribe, were encamped outside the city, having sold their lands at Yazoo, waiting to pass to the other side of the Mississippi. Their arrival caused extraordinary excitement in the town, and much fear was created lest the government officers should give them money, with which they would get intoxicated, when the lives of the inhabitants would have been in peril. As it was, numerous cases of a serious character occurred through drink. I shall ever remember a view I had of them. An old woman of the tribe, very stout, covered with silver and Indian jewels, her grey hairs streaming down to her waist, was sur-

rounded by three rows of young Indians, hand in hand, dancing and singing. In the centre figured this woman, who turned one way, while the rows of men moved in a contrary direction, joining her song at intervals, and dancing with the wildest gestures. Myself and many about me, feared this was a sort of war prelude to an attack on the inhabitants. However, it did not prove so, for it soon became evident that the old lady, having taken a little more than was her usual habit, was merely displaying her Bacchanalian joy at its effect, which the young Indians encouraged for the sake of a frolic.

The next morning we passed through their encampment, as far as their dogs would allow us, and had a very interesting conversation with their chief, who was a little man, with fair hair, blue eyes, very much pitted with small pox; he spoke tolerable English, and told us his mother had been a Scotchwoman. He was born amongst the Indians, and elected their chief on account of his knowledge of English, and consequent importance in dealing with the

Americans. A troop of armed soldiers formed the escort of the tribe; and, strange to say, nearly every man was a general. One of these dignitaries was standing, after breakfast, at the hotel door, picking his teeth and nails alternately with a dirty penknife, when he accosted me, saying—

"Have you been amongst the Indians?"

I said I had.

"What do you think of our troops?"

"Don't know," I replied; "I have not seen them together."

"I suppose the chief has told you some nice stories about us? They are not over particular in what they say. Don't you think we are a great set of blackguards?"

"Well," I replied, "as far as that goes, I'd back an English blackguard against any man in the world."

"That's generous of you, Britisher, and I guess you're about right."

It was a cunning scheme to raise a quarrel, which these men are continually doing, and it

requires one to be everlastingly on one's guard to avoid giving them what they are pleased to term a national insult.

Having at length embarked on board a steamer boasting a vacant berth, I again ascended the mighty river, and entered the Ohio, bound for Cincinnati. During this perilous journey, which was enlivened with racing at the risk of being blown up, and sundry snags and sawyers, I wrote some words descriptive of the bear hunt I had lately witnessed, which afterwards I set to music, and which became one of my most popular songs both abroad and at home. There is nothing to boast of in the words, but in singing they are wonderfully effective. They run thus—

## THE BEAR HUNT, KENTUCKY.

### DESCRIPTIVE SCENE.

The forest we enter, silently and slow,
Let not a leaf be turned; soft! breathe low.
Darker, more gloomy the deep thicket grows;
Look for the track! where the streamlet flows;

Hush! hush! hush! 'twas a rustling noise;
Steady, lads, steady, be silent, my boys,
Fire; see what is that,—an old racoon;
Missed him! I guess, lad, you fired too soon.
Onward we bend, and the fern grows high,
We cannot be far off—a bear must be nigh.

Hark! hark! a growl; now each take his tree,
Let the old woodsman, go forth now and see.
A bear and her cubs, she's up in her lair:
Fire; you have hit her; again, boys, prepare;
Hit, again; now, then, she runs to the tree;
Hit, again, bravo! she flies now to thee.

Another shot! down she goes; seize on your prey,
And then on our shoulders we'll bear her away.
So praise to the woodman, whose feast we prepare,
And whose shot kill'd the brute in her secret lair;
And sing the old song, for the shot that is best,
By our wood fires bright, in the far, far West.

There is one thing most singular about the character of the American in all parts of the States, particularly in the north, viz. their rigid, immoveable countenances; one rarely sees a Yankee laugh; whether he is listening to a droll story or telling one, is equally immaterial, his serious countenance remains the same. I have seen a Southerner smile, but never a Yankee. A

true specimen of this extraordinary nation I met with on board this steamer, whose strange and incredible stories lightened our rather lengthened voyage. We were smoking our cigars on the hurricane deck, admiring the scenery on each side of the Ohio, which, unlike the Mississippi, is extremely beautiful, and had just passed the city of Augusta, which very much resembles one of our English villages, when our jesting friend said—

"You see them leetle creeks, which are like our rivers, running some mile or two up the country?"

"I do," I replied.

"Well, look you here, stranger, that creek is in Kentuck; the Kentuck dogs are tarnation cute,—none like um, I guess; I'll give you an example. These creeks sometimes abound with alligators, which are great enemies to dogs. When a farmer goes to his land he always takes his dogs with him, so he comes down to his flat, and pushes across the creek. If his dogs happen to miss him, they know very well they'd

be nibbled long afore they reach the other side, so they go down to the edge of the creek and bark and howl as if they were being licked. This attracts the attention of the alligators, who come up to the bank to inquire what's the matter, the dogs then move slowly on, still howling and barking, the alligators in the water after them; on they go till they've got a few hundred yards up, when back they run for their lives, and swim across with perfect safety. I hope you don't doubt my word?" added our serious friend.

"Oh, dear, no," we all answered, "certainly not; it's wonderful!"

"I'll tell you something else," said he; "not about dogs, but about our Yankee brothers, who are as cute and cutting as a Christmas in Canada. I was raised in New Orleans; well, in travelling through our forests by coach, it's not only very difficult, as you know, to guide four horses through them stumps of trees, but it requires a strong arm and a stout nerve to go safe over those forest creeks. Well, when it

rains for some days, these creeks run down as swift as lightning, and as deep as the Ohio; this was the case one evening, just at sundown, when we pulled up at the edge of the stream: our coachman got down, and climbing a fir close by, cut off a long branch; he then went to the brink of the water, plunged in the branch, and seemed to be sounding all over it. By this time, wondering what we were stopping for, we put our heads out of the windows, and said, 'what's the matter?—what are you doing there?'—'Nothing, I guess, particular; the creek's very deep, I hain't met the cross mail yet, so I was just poking here and poking there, to see if there was any coach and horses down afore us.'"

## CHAPTER VIII.

BEFORE reaching Cincinnati we stopped at many places to take in wood, and at a variety of villages (beg pardon, cities) to take in passengers. At one of these we shipped a genuine Kentuckian; he was about the usual size of these men, whose height varies from about six feet one to two; he had a long, sallow visage, under a broad Panama hat, and wore a blanket coat, down to his heels. Having observed me pacing the hurricane deck, he no doubt set me down as a European, by my gait and dress, a thing very easy of detection in those parts. He as immediately, I presume, made himself acquainted with whom, and what I was, by aid of

either the steward or the captain, both of whom had promised to attend my concert at Cincinnati. I was walking down the saloon, when this gentleman came behind me, and with his brawny hand gave me a slap upon my shoulders, which nearly sent me on my face.

"Well," he said, "old horse, I hear you're a chaunter."

"Yes," I replied, "I am;" for I made a point in travelling through America of always behaving to those I met with, precisely the same as they did to me, consequently I avoided all disputes, which they generally settle by aid of the bowie-knife, a thing which I very carefully avoided.

"Well," he continued, "I should like to hear you chaunt a leetle."

"I dare say you would," said I, "and it's very leetle that you will."

"Well," said my friend, "I should like to scream a leetle duett, like, with you."

"I have no doubt of it," I replied. To get rid of my very troublesome assailant I turned my back upon him, took a chair, and sat down

at the table. That was not of the slightest use, for he took a chair and sat by the side of me. Again opening the conversation, he continued—

"I guess you're a Britisher?"

"I am."

"Yes," said he, "there's no mistake about that."

"Not the least," I responded, rather angrily.

"Are you travelling north?"

"No," said I.

"Well, I guess you're going south, then?"

"No, sir."

"I reckon you're going east?"

"You are wrong, sir."

"Well, then, I calculate you are going west; I can't be far out there."

"You are wrong again," said I. "The fact is, I haven't made up my mind where I am going to."

"Ah, well, that's another thing. I guess you are a Britisher?" he repeated.

"Yes," I said.

"Then you were born in London?" said he, exultingly, evidently thinking he had discovered something at last.

"No," I replied, "I was not."

"No!" said my friend, "a Britisher, and not born in London?"

"Why no; London," I said, "does not extend all over England."

"Well, I calculate I know that as well as you do. You warn't born in London then?"

"No," I said, "I warn't."

"Well then, you were born north of London?"

"No, sir."

"I guess you were born east, then."

"No, sir; still wrong."

"I calculate you were born south, then?"

"No, I was not, sir!" I replied, almost in a rage. "If you must know, sir, I was born in the west, in the city of Bristol, in that part of the city which lies in Gloucestershire, and in a street called King Street."

"Thank ee," said he, "you don't exactly remember the number, do you?"

So inquisitive are these people that it is impossible to satisfy their curiosity, and I was scarcely able to shake him off till I arrived at the broad and magnificent quay of that pig-killing city, Cincinnati.

Musically, I have not much to say of this place, except that a feeling for music prevailed there I had not met with before in America, with the exception of Boston.

The city was badly lighted, so much so, that numbers of persons, male and female, came with lanthorns, which they placed in an ante-room, and at the termination of my entertainment, lit their candles before proceeding home.

It was a lovely morning when I embarked. We had not proceeded more than fifty miles, when a chilling breeze swept over us. Again the beautiful warm air made us forget this, till a fresh return of the chilling wind, which gradually, or, I should rather say, rapidly, increased, until the fires were all lit in the stoves, and more clothing sought for. The next morning, landing at Pittsburg, we found the place one sheet

of ice. This was the first severe weather I had experienced, and the last, as the frost did not continue more than a day, when all became warm again.

I announced two evenings at Pittsburg, both of which were very well attended.

During my stay at the Menongehela House, I had sent my snake boots to be mended. On the day after my second concert, the waiter announced a gentleman, who wished to speak to me. "Show him up," said I, and presently my door opened gently, and in walked a pair of boots, with a hand and arm attached, then came a nose, an eye, and eventually an entire face, with a little body en suite. This was a dirty lad of about ten years of age, smoking a cigar. He said—

"I guess these are your butes, and that your name is Phillips. You have to pay a dollar and a half."

"Very well, sir; there it is; give me a receipt."

While he was writing it, he asked me if I intended giving another concert, to which I replied, "No!"

"I am sorry for that," said he, "for if you had, I and another gentleman intended coming."

With this he gave a good puff at his cigar, and walked out of the room.

From Pittsburg I returned for a few days to New York, and then proceeded up the Hudson, which of all rivers is certainly the most beautiful. In fact, its scenery far exceeds anything I have ever beheld. Our fare was but half-a-dollar to Albany, one hundred and sixty miles, and certainly our vessel, was one of the most splendid steamers in the world.

At Albany and Troy the majority of the people are very English, and my entertainments were consequently very well attended.

From Albany, the weather now being very beautiful, I went to spend a few days at the Falls of Niagara. Staying at the Clifton Hotel, and visiting all the lions, like many other foolish persons, I suffered myself to be completely clad in oil-skin, and walked as far as I could under the Horse-shoe fall, being gratified with a perfect drenching, temporary deafness, total blindness,

the verge of eternity, all for the mere satisfaction of saying, that I had been under the Falls, and that I came out again, and that everybody was a donkey who did, as I had done. I asked a Yankee guide if it were true that the Indians in former times had shot over the Falls in their canoes in perfect safety?

"No!" said he, "I guess not, but we had an American here who once swam up!"

Another example of their sarcastic wit is illustrated by a story they tell of an Englishman, who grumbled at all he saw, saying, "Your country is flat and large, very swampy, very cold, or oppressively hot, a few hills, no mountains, and not one volcano." An American, who had been writhing under this description of his country, said—

"No, I guess it's true, we've no volcanoes here, but we've got the Falls of Niagara, which would put all your volcanoes out in about five minutes."

I now proceeded to Oswego, and across the Lake Ontario to Toronto, where I again had the

pleasure of meeting my travelling friend Major Bender. I had frequently the gratification of dining at the mess with the officers of his regiment, and they with their extensive connection in the city, obtained me a most crowded, and fashionable room, on my first evening. Every journal but one praised my singing—that exception was, however, the principal paper, the editor being, I believe, interested in the welfare of some resident professor, and therefore anxious to injure me sufficiently to prevent (as he thought) my giving a second evening. The officers, however, took up my cause warmly, the other papers followed in my behalf, and I had another very full and brilliant assemblage. 'The Emigrant Ship' became such a favourite, that I dedicated it to the colonel.

Taking the lake steamer, I went to Hamilton, then only a rising town, the inhabitants of which had not much music in their souls. Returning to Toronto, I proceeded to Kingston, a wretchedly dull place, where I ventured to give one evening, but not with much result.

We then proceeded to Montreal, a magnificent city. Several of my evenings were given here with great success. The season was now approaching the height of summer, when the place, outside and in, is literally covered with the shad fly, an insect perfectly harmless, but not agreeable to look at. The shad, which is a most delicious fish, follows these flies up the St. Lawrence, and is caught by millions. We had it dressed in every possible way at each meal. I left the city with much regret, and proceeded to Quebec, a miserable town, with narrow streets, a magnificent citadel, and vast plains, bounded by most beautiful mountain scenery. I made many drawings here, and gave two concerts, which proved unsuccessful. I cannot leave this city without describing my visit to the pauper lunatic asylum, distant about a mile from the city. Attached to a convent stands a low building, which we entered by large gates, and found ourselves in a yard very similar to our barrack parade grounds. I observed on making appli-

cation for admission, that great hesitation was manifested, and an endeavour made to ascertain if we were English or American, a point on which we did not satisfy them. On one side of the yard we observed a queer-looking place composed of large round blocks of wood similar to elephant grounds in India; the building was thatched, and from it came a stench the most horrid conceivable. As we entered the wicket door, I staggered and felt quite faint from the fearful heat, and offensive air on either side of a not very long passage, where were little dens—I cannot call them rooms—in which these poor lunatics were kept, unshaved, unwashed; they were fed from a long tin can, or trough, pushed into the den, with a little water supplied in the same way. They comprised English, French, Canadians, and Americans, and all becoming greatly excited at our presence, a jargon of tongues burst forth, and I enquired of the surly keeper if they were ever let out for air and exercise. "No," he replied, "they get plenty of both where they are." We walked slowly

past these cages, of which there might be eight or ten on each side, until we came to the last, where sat a being I shall never forget while I live, and indeed I have constantly before me to this hour. It was a monster in human form, with the uncombed black hair of a youth, and a face wrinkled like that of an old man, and of an ashy paleness, which contrasted against a black moustache of silky hair. Its apparel was a strange and confused mixture of linen wrappings, from under which protruded two feet of monstrous dimensions; the eyes were perfectly black and large, without any expression, the hands small and delicate, and on its lap rested a huge stone, in which a hole was worn by the constant wetting and rubbing of one of its fingers. If any of the poor creatures deserved to be shut out from the gaze of the world, it was surely this. I turned with disgust from the scene, with a hope that some influential person would report the place, and the authorities reform it. Eighteen years have now elapsed since I saw this fearful sight, so let us

hope that the gradual advance of civilization may have improved the wretched dwelling of these unhappy lunatics.

Returning up the St. Lawrence I again entered New York, and announced my last concert previous to my departure for England. This I gave in Niblo's Room, which was crowded, my song of the 'Bear Hunt' producing an immense effect. I was assisted on that evening by Miss Moss, a young artiste of the city, who afterwards married Mr. Penson. As an acknowledgment of her kindness I presented her with my little pianoforte.

After this I sang at the dinner of the St. George's Society, again producing a great effect, when all present declared they were just beginning to know me; and that if I remained I should certainly retrieve my fortunes. I had, however, resolved to return, and accordingly secured my berth on board the 'Great Western,' commanded by Captain Matthews, who, in the kindest manner, gave up his large room to me,

in which I finished many of the drawings I had commenced during my tour.

Before leaving, General Morris presented me with some very clever lines descriptive of 'The Prairie on fire,' which I set to music, and which proved another valuable addition to my list of scenas. One of my greatest friends in New York was Mr. E. F. Sanderson, who, on the last occasion of my concert, took fifty dollars' worth of tickets.

With this gentleman I visited Stump Pond, on Long Island, famous for its trout, where we had some excellent sport. The angler, however, is there exposed to an annoyance that none of our European fishermen could have dreamt of, namely, the snap turtle. These turtles vary in size from one pound to one hundred and fifty. The little fellows sit on the stumps of trees that project above the water watching for anything which may come in their way; and when the angler throws his fly, they most provokingly catch it, so, instead of a trout, he hooks these worthless rascals. On one occasion, when the

trout were not in a rising humour, we tried the worm, and I had not long thrown mine, before I felt a tug, and hooked something that seemed to me like an old sunken boat. My friend Mr. Sanderson (more experienced than I was), directed me to pull up gently and carefully; I did so, and found it was a turtle of enormous size, whose head and back I saw. The man in the boat with us was very anxious that I should possess the monster, and thought to lift him in by gently raising him to the edge of the boat. In doing so his weight broke the gut, and he escaped, much to my grief, for I should have brought him a trophy to England. His computed weight was about one hundred pounds.

In America everything is made as gaudy as possible; in fact *very French*. Thus in the walking sticks, such as thorns, every nob is mounted with silver or platina; the same with the fishing rods, which, with their profusion of silver-like metal, we should judge, in England, would frighten the trout out of their very senses. I

brought one home with me; but unfortunately lost it, before alarming the finny tribe. The latter end of July I again set sail for England.

But before leaving this magnificent country and its ingenious inhabitants, I cannot refrain from expressing my general impression of its growing greatness, the vast gifts nature has bestowed upon it, its lovely localities, its stupendous hotels and steamers, the admirable way in which both are conducted, the many good and amiable people I met with throughout my tour, and the very happy time I experienced in many of their cities; in fact, I look back to America with feelings of the greatest pleasure, have constantly wished my tour could be repeated, and still remain under the impression, that I would sooner pass my life in New York, than any city I have ever yet visited. I much fear I shall never see it again, this lamentable war staining those fields with blood that I have seen in such bloom, must cast a shade, not only over its lovely plains, but over the hope that the arts of

peace may again become predominant in my time.

How often in my imagination do I walk down Broadway, fish in Stump Pond, sit and watch Mr. Chickering leathering his hammers, stand with him on the heights of Boston, watch the steamers from England entering the bay of Little Islands, traverse Philadelphia, study its museum, climb the Capitol of Washington, and revel on the sunny and flowery banks of the Mississippi and Ohio: a quarter of an hour does it all, I awake from my reverie, and find myself once more in London, combating with a November fog, while striving to pen my recollections.

The homeward voyage was a mere repetition of my former one, merely varied by passing a few immense icebergs, a sight to most of us of great interest. I would not, however, be understood to say that our voyage resembled that in the 'Victoria,' especially in reference to the living and discipline, for in the 'Great Western' our table was profuse, and everything con-

ducted in the most methodical order, while our captain was a glorious specimen of an English sailor.

Having landed in Liverpool I proceeded to London, in the full hope of resuming my profession, and former position; but alas! how vain a dream. Let my experience be a warning to others, and induce them to believe that if they once gain a position, and leave it, but for ever so short a time, it will never be wholly restored to them again. Their talent, their powers, are no arguments in their favour. The public so soon forget, so soon become accustomed to other faces, other styles, and other voices, that the manner, and appearance of an artist are all but obliterated, and in place of being patronized and praised, a man's merits are doubted, condemned, and unheeded. Under such circumstances, if an *Englishman*, you had better be a blacksmith, than a vocalist.

The bassi at Exeter Hall on my return, were mostly Germans, Standgl and Formes; the singers at the Antient Concerts chiefly Italians.

The changes during my absence were so extraordinary, and so wholesale, that I doubted whether I was not transformed into another Rip Van Winkle; for it seemed as if it must have taken a hundred years to have effected such alterations. Gradually I awoke to the reality, but only to find myself as far removed from my profession, as though I had been still wandering in the United States.

The following spring, that is, 1845, brought me an offer from the then conductor of the Antient Concerts, Sir Henry Bishop, for one evening. This much incensed me, and I asked twenty guineas, double what I had been in the habit of receiving. Sir Henry argued the subject with me as a matter of propriety. I at last yielded, and sang for the *one evening* on my former terms, *ten guineas*. I saw a great alteration; the concerts no longer retained their former character; and it became evident to me, as well as to many others, that they could not last, neither did they. Some two seasons more and the last ray of the sun of the English school sank

below the horizon, from whence it has not again risen.

A new composer now appeared before the musical world, Mr. Vincent Wallace. He had been known to exist for some years like a comet that had once appeared, but on whose return no one could calculate; his orbit was eccentric, and he remained so long out of our system, that by many of the musical astronomers he was thought to have been lost altogether. Suddenly and unexpectedly, however, he appeared with a tremendous tail, which flahsed and flamed, astonishing the musical world, and whose nucleus was an original and melodious opera, entitled 'Maritana,' founded on the well-known dramatized story, 'Don Cæsar de Bazan.' This being accepted by Mr. Alfred Bunn, still lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, an offer of engagement was made to me, which I accepted.

This was the last original opera in which I ever sang. The music was certainly most charming and original, abounding in a style of

melody we had not been accustomed to hear. After a few rehearsals, the discovery was, as usual, made, that I had no ballad. Therefore, one must be written. Mr. Wallace had never heard me sing, knew nothing of my manner or style, and was not, therefore, likely to write anything to my advantage. Mr. Bunn was the author of the words, beginning, 'In happy moments, day by day.' When composed, I was not impressed with the melody, and did not feel that I could do anything with it. This threw a feeling of depression over my exertions, and, further, gave evidence that I did not hold the position I had formerly sustained.

How gladly and how eagerly we at times deceive ourselves. Reluctant to part with our former reputation, we spasmodically struggle against the advance of time, and strain every nerve, and every energy, to prove that wrinkles may be attendant on youth, and grey hairs premature. We look on years through telescopes, but the world through microscopes, thus

discovering many a flaw, that to us is imperceptible.

Our soprano was Miss Romer, the tenor, Mr. W. Harrison, the page, Miss Poole, and myself, Don Josè, Mr. Borrani, representing the King. My character was subordinate to all the rest both in position and music, literally not leaving me a chance to distinguish myself.

The chief features in the opera were, the soprano song, 'The Harp in the Air,' the trio, 'Turn on Old Time,' and the page's song, 'Alas, those Chimes.'

The whole of this opera was admirably sung and acted. Mr. Harrison, who was then in his zenith, possessed a tenor voice of much sweetness in parts, and was at all times an excellent actor. This, combined with his tall and manly figure, stamped him as a great favourite. He also possessed another quality, which but too few singers exhibit—namely, a clearness and correctness of enunciation almost faultless; and he had a natural ease that rendered his singing ef-

fortless, and impressive. The opera ran for a considerable period. My ballad, 'In Happy Moments,' I considered *a failure*. It rarely excited much applause, and, I believe, was *never encored*.

With this opera ended my engagement at Drury Lane Theatre; the Antient Concerts had ceased to exist; most of its members were either dead or retired; and now began a new era in the Musical World—in some respects, an improved one; in others, a degeneration.

Professors, living and studying for years under one roof, gain a certain perfection, retain a certain style, and, like a college of students, pursue those paths which lead to learning, propriety, and intellect. Destroy the establishment, pull down the building, take away its patronage, and its members are dispersed, each to seek a position for himself.

These revolutions in art, as well as nature, we know have ever been, and I can only lament that it falls to my lot to record them. Having

left Drury Lane Theatre, I again had recourse to my musical entertainments; and was also induced by my friend Mr. Hobbs to renew my engagements at the city dinners—he, at that time, having the musical arrangements of most of the halls. His great aim and endeavour was to raise the musical standard at these meetings, and, to a wonderful extent, he succeeded; for I must confess that this branch of our calling was even in my remembrance at a very low ebb. The glees performed were of the most ordinary character, such as, 'Glorious Apollo,' 'Drink to-night, if the moon shines bright,' 'Hail, Star of Brunswick,' and so forth, mixed up with comic songs of not the most refined character, from Charles Taylor, Fitzwilliam, or some Irish vocalist, which brought our performance to a level with the music halls of the present day; Mr. Broadhurst's 'John Anderson my Joe, John,' was also in great vogue. It was a song absurd in the extreme, for any man to sing, but customs reconcile people to everything. Reflection

had little weight in the scale of reasoning. To produce any new glee, trio, or duet—to practise it together, and render it perfect—was as little thought of, as the change which ushered in a better, and a wiser usage.

Having acceded to Mr. Hobbs' views upon condition that my fee should be five guineas, others of some reputation were induced to join, and the music produced, gradually reached a character it had never till then approached. The most famous of the halls, for the perfection of their music, were then, the Merchant Tailors, the Skinners, the Goldsmiths, the Grocers, the Clothworkers, and the Fishmongers. These munificent and charitable institutions not only encouraged progress in art, but assisted to perfect it, allowing the provider, instead of four voices, seven or eight; and even adding one or two ladies to our list, instead of the imperfect and untutored boys who, previous to this, had sustained the soprano parts.

By gradual and judicious steps, Mr. Hobbs had introduced music which, by its powerful ap-

peal to the senses, commanded an attention hitherto unknown. No longer was there to be heard the jingling of glasses, the vacant laugh, the cracking of nuts, the hoarse tones of the toast-master, calling silence. The commencement of a piece of music was the signal for mute attention—and the applause which followed its termination was an evidence of the advanced intellect of the guests, who now literally displayed and illustrated at these magnificent banquets, the feast of reason, and the flow of soul. Who, that frequented these feasts when I was a lad, could have believed, that, in the place of some vulgar bacchanalian song, or coarsely comic one, these city companies would now, not only listen to the sublime words, and classic music of 'The Last Man,' but also enthusiastically encore it?

The advance was amazing, and, though, since our friend Hobbs has quitted the scene, the music has somewhat degenerated, it still holds a place far above that it occupied in former years. Our artistes have also much improved in manners and ideas—for well do I re-

member, when about eighteen or nineteen years of age, observing, with horror, many of the vocalists take things from the table at dessert, and put them in their pockets. On one of these occasions, a man I much respected was guilty of this—for he took a large bunch of muscatel grapes, and put them in his coat pocket. I resolved to give him, if possible, a lesson that should be of service, and hit on the following mode of doing it.

Sitting next to him, I got into serious conversation; by degrees moved my seat near to his, and contrived to fix the tail of his coat next to the leg of the chair. I then got my knee in contact with the pocket containing the fruit, till I literally pulverized every grape, the juice streaming on the floor, which necessitated his speedy departure, to get rid of what he considered a sad mishap.

The scena of 'The Last Man,' was not the only instance of classical music being introduced—for Mr. Lockey often sung, 'O, 'tis a glorious sight,' from Oberon, Weber; that most ele-

gant song, composed by Hobbs, entitled, 'Nina;' as well as Purcell's 'Come if you dare,' and such glees as, 'When Winds breathe Soft,' 'Discord, Dire Sister;' a solo on the harp, by one of the Chattertons, both exquisite artistes; Lazarus with his clarionet, and Hatton at the pianoforte with his 'Harmonious Blacksmith.' The ladies were frequently Miss Poole and Miss Williams —two excellent vocalists, especially Miss Poole, who had a lovely, liquid, *mezzo soprano* voice. She was an arch and excellent actress, and the best exponent living of the pure English ballad. Miss Williams had a contralto voice of beautiful quality; but was perhaps deficient in the classic school, and, like most ladies, sadly defective in clearness of enunciation; all this comparative perfection went on for many seasons, gradually advancing, until an unfortunate misunderstanding took place with the Merchant Tailors, which threw a gloom over all our efforts, and was visited by them with a severity, the circumstance neither called for, nor deserved.

Our professors, at all periods of the city's

history, had been treated when engaged at the halls, as gentlemen, and invariably dined at the same table as the guests. A move, however, was perceptible in some quarters to alter this arrangement, and, I believe, one hall had then determined to break through the usage, and merely introduce the singers as they were required, like the minstrels of former times, who performed in a little side gallery when called upon.

A feeling of resistance was naturally aroused in the breasts of these artists, who had justly a right to consider themselves on an equality, to say the least of it, with all ordinary persons.

At the Merchant Tailors' Dinner, to which I refer, Mr. Hobbs had engaged the customary vocalists, consisting of Mr. Francis Lockey, myself, and some one or two others. When we arrived, we were informed that the hall was full, but that a dinner had been provided for us elsewhere. This was immediately looked upon as the prelude to our after exclusion, which was much strengthened by Francis entering the hall,

examining the tables, and reporting plenty of room. We unanimously declared our resolve not to perform our task, unless we dined as usual. This was resisted by the master, until we ultimately left, and dined at an hotel opposite, saying that if the master apologized for the affront put upon us, and promised it should not occur again, we would return, but not else.

Hobbs remained, and did all in his power to amuse the guests. Some sharp speeches upon the subject were made during the evening, in which we were elegantly designated hirelings, and so forth. No message being received, we did not return, and have never been admitted from that day to this. Though our conduct was, I admit, rash, it was, under all circumstances, somewhat justifiable. I have often thought, since, that our proper course would have been to have performed the music, and then have entered a protest against any similar occurrence for the future. As far as the dining goes, upon such occasions I am, and have al-

ways been, decidedly opposed to the system—for I do not think any one can display his full powers immediately after a hearty meal—and a rare hearty one, is indulged in sometimes. I remember one of our fraternity, who revelled in the good things at a feast, being for a time deserted by the waiters. We do find, at public dinners, for some ten minutes, that, from an unexplained cause, the waiters will all congregate in one particular spot, hovering like flies over a dainty morsel. Thus it was with our friend, who, roaring like a lion, called out,—

"Is no one waiting here?"

"Yes," said a guest opposite, "you are!"

"Your wit is sharper than your appetite," responded the vocalist.

The rapid method of transit, now began to be felt by our profession in a remarkable degree. Individuals were not engaged as formerly, and, when they were, it was at such reduced terms, that it was no longer the same remunerative profession. Provincial vocalists and instrumentalists could now make rapid and continual

journeys to the metropolis, hear the best singers, receive lessons from the first masters, and thus obtain half a town polish, and, consequently, become almost as acceptable to the musical public of provincial towns as the London profession themselves. To obviate this state of things, travelling in parties suggested itself to the members of our art, an idea which was well carried out by Mr. Beale, of the firm of Cramer, Addison, and Beale, Regent Street. Large and important parties of Italian and German singers and instrumentalists were formed, and made tours of the United Kingdom —tours which, I have no doubt, paid at first very well—for, though the sums received could not collectively amount to anything like what it would have been individually, the rapidity of their movements, their unceasing concerts, and sometimes operas, did in the end leave a surplus in the speculator's hands, worth the risk of obtaining. In time, however, this stimulated others of a lesser reputation, until they strayed like flocks of sheep into any folds that would

receive them, content with the little pickings with which they could return to their homes.

Of all the phases of our precarious and at times ill rewarded profession, that of touring is the least satisfactory; it creates a certain amount of wrangling, dissatisfaction, and ill-feeling; and when the tourists form themselves into a commonwealth, the end is too frequently a common bankruptcy. I have had much experience in such affairs, and do not remember in any one instance that the party separated with perfect satisfaction. The admission to first-rate concerts by this time was gradually dwindling down from ten shillings and sixpence to one shilling. The rooms were built as large as commons used to be; negro melodies attracted ten times the audiences that Handel or Purcell's music were wont to command, while the veneration for the art and artists diminished, alas! in a proportionate degree. However, touring became in many instances a matter of necessity, and frequently gave rise to circumstances of a very laughable character. One of these

occurred in Wales, when Mr. Lockey, Hobbs, myself, and two ladies formed a little party for a few weeks' tour during July and August. We had arrived at Neath, near Swansea, where one of our concerts was announced, and taken up our quarters at the hotel the day previous. In the evening, though it was oppressively hot, Mr. Lockey felt a chill, and fearing he might have taken cold, determined to have his bed warmed. Now it happened that a very large double-bedded room had been selected by Lockey and Hobbs, the latter deciding which bed *he* would occupy. The evening shades drew rapidly on, until, when it was getting nearly dark, Hobbs took it suddenly into his head that he would go to bed, so without saying a word to any of us, he went up, so secretly, that he did not even ask for a candle. Groping about in the dark he mistook the bed and got into Lockey's, falling fast asleep in a very short time. All passed tranquilly till Lockey thought of retiring, and ordered the chambermaid to

get a very hot pan of coals, and ring the bell when his bed was ready.

"You know which I am to have?" said Lockey.

"Yes, sir," replied the girl, and she went upstairs, placed her candle just outside the door, untucked the bottom of the bed, pushed in the hot pan of coals, which, as it stuck against something she could not understand, she thrust it in again, when a tremendous roar echoed all through the house; the girl shrieked, Hobbs jumped out of bed and pursued her, and the coals all down the stairs, swearing vengeance, and screaming with pain. Thus Neath was not only stamped upon his memory, but on various other parts of his unfortunate person.

## CHAPTER IX.

A GENTLEMAN was now gradually rising in his profession whom I had heard when he was quite a lad, his father having drawn my attention to him as possessing the germ of a magnificent bass voice. This was, the now universally known, Mr. W. H. Weiss. His father, Mr. Weiss, a German, had a music warehouse in Liverpool, and in his place of business I first heard the son sing, when I was much struck by the ponderous and sonorous tones he produced. I believe I gave every encouragement to proceed with his studies, which were doubtless pursued until he arrived at the head of his profession, gradually, slowly, patiently, but

surely! and who that has gained a position and held it has not done the same? I have always remarked that the artist who suddenly bursts into fame rarely retains it; while he who climbs gradually to a high position in this profession maintains it as long as he retains his powers. I shall by-and-bye have many such instances to record, which will serve to remind those who are young, ambitious, and impatient, that it is one thing to gain a reputation, and another to hold it; or, to use for the second time Mr. Braham's words to me, "Remember, young man, that when you have gained the top of the ladder, the next step must be down." It has afforded me unfeigned pleasure to see the advance of Mr. Weiss, and I have listened to his execution of classical music with much gratification. He duly committed the ordinary error into which most young men fall: that is, he got married; but fortunately, it was a match that did not bring upon him the opprobrium of his friends, or allow them (even in jest) to say that he had thrown himself away. Madame

Weiss, as charming and amiable a person as himself, possesses a beautiful soprano voice, has a most lady-like address, and I believe excellent, if not *superior*, *common sense*. The name is somewhat unfortunate in English hands, for I have heard it twisted and twined into all sorts of shapes; some pronounce it *Weese*, others *Wiss*, *Wase*, and I don't know what, when if it was but remembered that in German the *W* is pronounced as *V*, and the *E* and *I* sometimes as *I*, the right pronunciation would be *Vice*, as we give utterance to that word in English. At the same time it should be remembered that it is the only Vice, which I believe attaches to his name.

As year after year will arrive whether we like it or not, so came 1846. I can well recollect when I scampered and played in 1812, and I did not believe that such a year as 1846 would ever come. Time's progress appeared to me a fallacy, an invention of croaking bodies, who thought youth was a nuisance, and age an impossibility. My impression, and my feelings

were strongly in favour of 1812, and I intended to use every exertion in my power to make the world stop there, but it would go on, and did, until I found myself aged and foiled in 1846. Then there sprang into existence one of the greatest musical geniuses of our age, Dr. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, long known in England, it is true, for he had paid it frequent visits, but though recognised as a great musician and composer, his oratorio of St. Paul having been sung in manuscript, his greatest of all works was yet to come. In 1830 every vocalist of reputation was familiar with the writings of Mozart, Beethoven, Sphor, Hummel, and Weber. The star of Mendelssohn had not then risen upon us, and we little thought of the gigantic genius that would so soon illumine our path and add fresh vigour to the sacred school of music. I believe I am correct in stating that his oratorio of St. Paul was first produced at Dusseldorf on the 22nd May, 1836, and at the Liverpool Festival in the autumn of that year, until which time we

had not thought of him as an oratorio writer. In this first performance of 'St. Paul' I sang my part, which was rendered extremely difficult by being in manuscript, and in a very cramped, illegible hand, a few printed sheets only were interspersed with English words written over the German; altogether the part was anything but agreeable to take into an orchestra. The 'Walpurgis Nacht' was the next to arrest my attention, until his greatest work of all, 'The Elijah,' was first produced at the Birmingham Festival in the autumn of 1846. A strange circumstance occurred relative to his impression of my powers, for though I had sung and succeeded so well in 'St. Paul,' he had been led to believe that my register was not sufficiently extensive to execute the music of 'Elijah,' which, to use his own words, he considered too high for me, and that Standgl was the only man who could sing it. I was consequently allotted the quartettes *only*, which we sang from manuscript parts in single lines; the task, therefore, became nervously difficult, and I confess it was with no very good grace that I sang

in the oratorio. The mystery of his idea was heightened by my having met him so frequently in London during the long period which elapsed between his 'St. Paul' and 'Elijah,' when not only did he praise my singing at the Philharmonic, but on one occasion complimented me most highly on my orchestral score of 'The best of all good company,' pointing out the excellent effect the trumpet had in responding to the voice, which he said was very original and good. I took this opportunity of asking him to write me a song, which he promised to do, and for which I was to find him the words. Having had much correspondence with him on the subject, rendered my surprise still greater about his hesitating when the 'Elijah' was produced. I never could account for it, unless he was influenced by interested parties; and by his own feelings towards his countryman Standgl, who, despite his imperfect knowledge of our language, was a great and sterling artist, and as unassuming as he was gifted and learned.

Hummel, Weber, and Sphor had all visited

England, and I consider myself particularly fortunate in having sang much of their music under their own conductorship. Of Weber and Sphor I have already spoken. Hummel was a man of remarkable gentleness of manner and address, but did not give the least idea of a person of genius, having a perfectly placid countenance, which never pourtrayed rapid or refined thoughts, but rather denoted a seeming unmindfulness of his genius and elegance.

The opposite of this was Mendelssohn—a small thin man, with sharp features, and piercing eyes (Jews eyes again) and a nervous, fidgetty manner. He was so easily excited, that it sometimes threw us off our guard, and frequently led us to think that we were singing wrongly. He was so wrapped up in his art that he neglected all else. He never considered dress—in fact, was so perfectly indifferent to appearances, that, on one occasion, when conducting Elijah at Exeter Hall, he had a monstrous hole in his coat under the arm, that one might have put one's hand through, which hole was displayed

to great advantage when wielding his baton. Of course, we did not distress him by pointing it out, though it caused much amusement to those near him, both in the orchestra and the room.

A circumstance of great annoyance occurred that evening, by the admission into the orchestra of a huge Frenchman and his wife. They were seated immediately behind the principal singers —that is, the bass and contralto. We do now and then meet with very stout people on our side of the channel—but there is a very great difference in the habits of fat individuals. In England, our great fat men are generally of a lethargic turn, and slow in their movements, while the Frenchman, heedless of his bulk, is all vigour and lightness, nimble as a monkey, and often as mischievous. During the whole of the first part, this man exhibited evident symptoms of extravagant delight, first turning like a harlequin towards his wife, then lifting up his eyes in admiration, and kissing his hand to poor Mendelssohn, who seemed much annoyed.

At last, the Frenchman's feelings being excited to the highest pitch, when Mendelssohn left the conductor's seat, our fat friend made a rush at him, and, pushing us all aside, took the trembling composer tight in his arms, and tried to kiss him. Mendelssohn resisted him manfully, disentangled himself from him, rushed out of the orchestra, the Frenchman hard after him, while we followed like a pack of hounds at his heels. Again he caught the great musician, and we made a charge to the rescue, by pulling his great coat-tails, pinching his legs, knocking his hat off, and bestowing other little attentions, that, at last, left him breathless, and disappointed in the passage. He stormed with rage, and was about to re-enter the orchestra, when a violent protest was raised, and he and his wife were packed off somewhere—I did not inquire where—and the field once more clear of the enemy.

We had now become so familiar with Mendelssohn, that we scarcely looked upon him as a visitor, and I believe he felt equally at home

with us. He was not a man bigoted to his own ideas, or who would have them carried out, whether agreeable to the singer or not. An instance of this occurred with myself. The music of 'St. Paul' was too heavy and ponderous for my powers, and in that magnificent air, 'O God, have mercy,' there occurs at the end of the second movement these words, 'I will sing forth thy glorious praise.' I altered the passage, and took it an octave higher, which enabled me to impart much power and energy to it. Mendelssohn, when he first heard it, was much pleased, said it was an excellent thought, "and, if I had known you before," said, he "I should have written it so."

Frequently, after his death, I sang this oratorio, and, of course, with the altered passage, which was almost universally condemned by the would-be critics, who were not aware that the change had been effected under the immediate eye of the master, and with his particular sanction. One of the beautiful singers in this oratorio was Mrs. Alfred Shaw, originally Miss

Postans, who had a rich and powerful contralto. A sad misfortune deprived her of powers which charmed all listeners. Either through cold or some disease, her hearing became affected, till, in the end, she had literally not the capacity of distinguishing the key she was singing in. Her voice was far superior to that of Miss M. B. Hawes—but she had not, perhaps, the same power of declamation.

It was as early as 1842 that my correspondence began relative to Mendelssohn composing me a scena. Having reminded him of his promise, I received in reply the following note.

"Denmark Hill, Camberwell,
"At Mr. Benexis'.
"June 19th, 1842.

"My Dear Sir,

"I shall be most happy to write some music for you, and, if you have found good poetry for it, pray send it to me, and I shall avail myself of the first quiet day I can find to compose it, in order to prove to you the sincere admiration and respect which I always feel for your talent, and with which I always am,

"Yours very truly,
"F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy."

My difficulty was now about the poetry. I could not make up my mind what to select; until, meeting him at a concert, I ventured to say, would an extract from Ossian do? "Nothing could be better?" was the reply—showing how extensive was his knowledge of our country's literature. I accordingly made my extract, beginning, "On Lena's gloomy heath," and forwarded it to Germany. His acknowledgment of its receipt is thus worded—the poetry, it appeared, having been sent back to him in England.

"Denmark Hill, Camberwell,
"At Mr. Benexis'.
"28th June, 1842.

"My Dear Sir,

"I have just received your kind note and the poetry enclosed, and must say at once that I like it very much, and shall be happy to set to work whenever I have a few leisure days, which, I am sorry to say, will not be before I get back to my usual residence in Germany. I shall then do my best to compose those very beautiful and romantic words, as worthy of them and of your talent as I can. The only objection I have to them is at the end. Could you find a sentence just for the end, which would do better for the winding up of a

song. I mean, which could be repeated several times, had an energetic expression in itself, and gave a point to the last part of the music. If you can find such a phrase, to be placed at the end, pray let me have it as soon as you can, and believe me in the mean time,

"Very truly yours,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

"H. PHILLIPS, Esq."

I found a phrase that seemed to carry out his idea, and sent it—but some considerable time elapsed before I heard from him again. His silence, however, on the subject led me to fear he had forgotten his promise, and I became extremely anxious—for well I knew what I could boast, in becoming the possessor of so valuable a present, from so great a man. Month after month passed by, but no letter came. My anxiety increased, until, in the beginning of the following year, I received this letter:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"It was my intention to send the score of your song with the parcel I direct to Hamburgh to-day, but I have been prevented from finishing it, and, as this is our busiest musical season, I do not know for certain whether I shall have time to do so before next month

—but if I have only a few moments left, I will be sure to let you have it then, and shall be happy if you accept of it as a token of my sincere regard and admiration.

"Yours very truly,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

"Leipsic.

"16th January, 1843.

"HENRY PHILLIPS, Esq."

Still the scena did not arrive, and my anxiety to possess it increased. Week after week, month after month, passed by, till at length another year had flown. I began to despair. "Surely," I thought, "a few bars could not take all this time, if he is in earnest. "Has he repented of his promise? or been persuaded not to honour me so highly?" A thousand circumstances and intrigues presented themselves to my imagination —when I heard of his arrival in England, and received the following:—

"Sunday, June 23rd, 1844.

"4, Hobart Place, Eaton Square.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have not only thought of my promise, but the song is nearly finished, and I have the score with

me here. As soon as I find a few leisure hours, I shall finish it, and have it sent to you.

"Yours very truly,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY."

Time still lingered on, over a period of two years. Despair sat brooding on my brow. I could urge my suit no longer. Hope forsook me—when, on the 22nd September, 1846, I received the score, and a note beginning—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Here is the long promised score of your song." He continues;—"You need not take the trouble of having a copy made for me, and I beg you will keep this very badly written score in remembrance of me, &c. &c."

My hopes and my ambition were now crowned with success; the note and score he presented to me personally, having come down to Birmingham to produce at the Festival, for the first time, his oratorio of 'Elijah,' in which, as I have before remarked, I was allotted only the quartetts. "Never mind," thought I, "there is no singer in this orchestra has had such a pre-

sent made to him as I have to-day." His prejudice in favour of Standgl I overlooked, and had the honor of sharing in the only two encores of concerted music in the oratorio. I think, 'O rest in the Lord,' sung by Miss M. B. Hawes, was also encored; but of that I am not quite sure. Altogether the work produced a great effect, and stands, as we know, in the consideration of the public, next to the Messiah. Here he was in high health and spirits. How little we thought of the next intelligence that would reach us concerning him.

I tried the scena over with him several times at the pianoforte, and he seemed somewhat disappointed at its effect, so much so that he said, I must try again, and write you another. How remote was all idea that in a few months more that master mind would have fled this life, that hand be cold and stiff, that had penned such beauties, had so charmed all Europe, and whose youth (for it was almost so) gave promise of so rich a harvest to the world of melody.

It was on Friday evening, the 16th April, 1847, that Elijah was first performed at Exeter Hall, under the conductorship of the composer, and in the presence of a brilliant assemblage of the aristocracy, including the Duke of Cambridge.

On the Wednesday previous to this performance we privately rehearsed the oratorio in a room at Exeter Hall, Mendelssohn presiding at the grand pianoforte. There were present Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Miss Kirkham, Miss Duval, Mr. Lockey, myself, Mr. Surman, Mr. Bartholomew, the translator, Mr. Smithson, Mr. Peck, and Mr. Bodda. It was truly delightful to observe the amiable manner in which Dr. Mendelssohn behaved to all, the skill and elegance with which he accompanied each recitative and air, and the satisfaction he expressed at the manner, and style which each vocalist exhibited. In the evening we again went through it, with full band and chorus. Exeter Hall then boasted an orchestra of only five hundred; and though apparently as full as it could hold, there have

since been added two hundred to the former number. How they manage I cannot imagine, unless the chorus are much thinner with the exertion they undergo. On the following Friday the work was repeated in the presence of her Majesty and Prince Albert. On this occasion a beautifully printed and covered book was presented to each of the principal singers with Mendelssohn's name, written most carefully in full, on the first page.

The November of this eventful year brought the sad intelligence of his death. It was at first scarcely credited, he having but just left us in seeming high health and spirits. The following account of his last moments were communicated by Mr. Mocheles to a friend in London:—

"He felt the first approach of the malady on the 8th October; it was an apoplectic attack. Until the 28th he experienced moments of ease and relapse. On that day a second attack of short duration occurred. He promptly recovered his senses, and his strength returned, he

felt severe attacks of headache, and could not sleep for three or four days.

"During the nights of the 2nd and 3rd November his sleep returned. Upon awaking he felt himself quite well, and his family had hopes of his recovery. At *two o'clock* a third attack occurred. After bleeding, applications of leeches, and vigorous friction, he slowly recovered consciousness. He was attended by Dr. Clarus, Dr. Hammer, of Leipsic. Dr. Schonlein, of Berlin had been sent for, but he did not come. The night passed in alternations of agitation and tranquillity. He recognised all present, but spoke little.

"On the 4th his state caused the most vivid inquietude. At the second hour he became insensible; all efforts to restore sight and hearing were useless. From six till eight o'clock blisters and violent frictions were applied, but without success. His features changed with frightful rapidity, and his respiration became feebler. It was evident that his end was near. On the 4th a lengthened sigh announced that Mendels-

sohn had rendered up his soul to his Maker. Near his bed were his wife, his brother, his two doctors, Mr. Shleinitz, Mr. David, and myself—*all Leipsic is in mourning.*"

It is impossible adequately to express by words the beauty and purity of his character, whether in his family circle, or in relation to his professional brethren. He was a man without envy, without pride, almost without ambition, and in his home the soul of cheerfulness and affection. Devoted to his art from earliest youth, inspired by the writings of Shakspeare, he wedded his divine music to the most lofty words, and built for himself a temple which not even time can destroy. Happy and proud ought that professor to be who can boast of having stood in the presence of such a man. Happier he that has conversed with him—and more than all—corresponded. I look back upon my acquaintance with him as one of the brightest spots in my existence.

After the death of Mendelssohn, I began in some measure to recover my former position,

being engaged first at the Hereford Festival, and afterwards at the Gloucester. At this Hereford Festival, Braham was present, and I believe it was the last at which he sang. In one of the evening concerts he was announced to sing 'The Bay of Biscay;' a song he was very proud of executing, and which he invariably acted, as if on the stage. The concerts were held in the Shire Hall, the orchestra of which has a particularly high front, unusually high, and fixed. On came Mr. Braham, to sing this famous song, in the last verse of which he has to exclaim, "A sail! a sail! a sail!" at which point he always went down on one knee, as if in thankfulness. On this occasion, however, as he vehemently exclaimed, "A sail! a sail! a sail!" the audience entirely lost sight of him behind the high front, and thought he must have tumbled through some trap door. They rose in a body to ascertain the cause, when up jumped the little tenor to finish his song, which he did amidst an universal shout of laughter. As he descended the

steps of the orchestra, he said to the conductor, "Your cathedral audience is very merry to-night," perfectly unconscious of the cause of the mirth.

I did not sing well at this festival. I was getting into a bad state of health, which came to a climax at the Gloucester Festival, in the following year. Anxiety and disappointment had long been undermining my constitution, and I became weak and nervous. My whole system was evidently undergoing a change. I had the best medical advice, but all failed in restoring me. When the Gloucester Festival arrived, I inwardly felt that my powers were inadequate to the task, and yet I either had not the moral courage to decline the engagement, or had determined to risk my reputation by trying to accomplish it. I waded through the different performances, singing very weakly and out of tune, till it came to the morning of Elijah. This was the crisis. I sang shamefully. I was flat, unsteady, and uncertain. Huge drops of perspiration rolled off my forehead, my legs trem-

bled as with a palsy, until, at the end of the first part, I was led out by my friend Lockey, and given some brandy by an acquaintance of his. This did not, however, restore me. I certainly got through the oratorio, but that was all I could boast of. Many of the gentlemen of the orchestra could scarcely believe it was I, who was singing. Dr. Wilson, of Monmouth, was the first to discover the foundation of my disease, which proved to be a sluggish and enlarged liver, for which he prescribed, and which he ultimately relieved. My health returned, but my reputation was certainly injured. Added to my sufferings from ill health, I never could sing well in a morning; neither could Mr. Braham. I have frequently heard him sing for many bars a quarter of a note flat, when opening 'The Messiah.' Most of the Italians, also, dread morning performances; in fact, nothing is more disagreeable—almost unnatural. An Englishman, especially, never sings so well as after dinner; but it should be some time after.

Most of our vocalists now turned their atten-

tion to making tours; and some very agreeable ones were formed by Miss Birch and her sister Eliza, Mr. Lockey and myself, with Webb as our attendant man of business. Miss Eliza Birch was youngest member of that family, and one who bore the reputation of being very beautiful—so much so, that her portrait appeared in the Book of Beauty. Apart from this reputation, she was certainly one of the most amiable and unaffected young ladies I ever met with; adored by her sisters, and respected by us all. She had a very pleasing mezzo-soprano voice, which blended well with the richer tones of her more matured sister. Her death was a lamentable one, and no doubt frequently referred to throughout her circle of acquaintances with unfeigned and sincere regret. In my summary of all the vocalists I have heard, past and present, Miss Birch will not escape my special notice.

Our first tour was through Wales, as it afforded a little trout fishing to the gentlemen, and some beautiful scenery for the ladies. The

Misses Birch being then in their youth, and Lockey a fine, handsome young fellow, any intelligence seeming to end in a wedding, no matter where, or how distant, inspired the young people with merry, happy thoughts; and when it came to an actual wedding itself, concerts were wafted to the wind, and their voices only raised for a sight of the ceremony. Such a circumstance occurred on our arrival at Crickhowel, where a triumphal arch was erected, windows crowded with rustic damsels, the road lined with newly-washed shepherds and their boys, while a monstrous flag was flying from the top of the Bear Inn, where we alighted. "Why, what's all this?" was the instant inquiry. "Mr. Jones is married to Miss Williams, look you" (two names totally unknown in Wales, of course); "and they are expected to pass through here about five o'clock." It was then about half-past four, on a scorching hot day in August; so we immediately repaired to our sitting-room windows, in order to view the grand procession. About a quarter before five, the one bell of the little Welsh

church began ringing a merry peal—that is, as jovial as a single bell could produce, after having passed the whole of its existence in a cold tower; in short, as five o'clock drew near, the bell got into a perfect state of ecstacy. A rough hurrah at the further end of this magnificent city heralded the approach of the Jones-es-es-es, and the Williams-es-es. In an instant after came four outriders—farmers—galloping like so many Tam o' Shanters, with white favours, and very red faces. After them came a carriage and four, also tearing away as if to outstrip the men with the red faces. Seated in the open barouche were the happy pair, who looked wretched: the dust rose in clouds of triumph; the outriders shouted to the man at the turnpike, "Pay back!" In an instant the cortege had passed, the animated dust grew calm, the flag was rolled up, the bell put on its nightcap, and we repaired to dinner, which we found extremely good, mingled as it was with pleasant giggling, wedding jokes, and slight glances at a probable future. We had some thought of singing Shield's glee, 'O, Happy

Fair,' as the procession moved along; but it passed before we could have got through six bars of it.

The great reputation which Mendelssohn had so wondrously acquired, gave birth to numerous aspirants in the oratorio and sacred school of writing. All thought they could compose quite as well as the great master; and they put the truth of their presumption to the judgment of the public, which did not give a verdict in their favour. The most energetic of all these was Mr. Horsley, eldest son of the celebrated glee-writer. I believe he studied in Germany, and under Mendelssohn; but so closely did he copy his master, that his harmonies and melodies sometimes resembled the other so much, that for the moment the listener was inclined to believe it was not his own composition. I know these things may occur, without any intention of plagiarism, through the ear being strongly impressed with the beauties and skill of those it has been educated by. Though it was, unfortunately, evident such works could not last, many

others entered the field, such as Mr. Perry, our once talented leader of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

The composing of an oratorio is the loftiest grade of musical art, a fact which few discover until they have tried to climb so high. It would be a difficult task to define the peculiar education, genius, and inspired gifts, all of which a man who soars to this eminence must possess before he can attain distinction.

Three great foreign vocalists have appeared in my time, and two equally eminent instrumentalists —that is, Catalini, Madame Malibran, and Jenny Lind, Thalberg, and Paganini. The two that have most astonished and attracted the world, have been Paganini and Jenny Lind. With regard to Paganini, his herald was not trumpet-tongued. We heard certainly of his continental reputation, but he stood on his own intrinsic merits when he arrived—and the result was astonishing. Jenny Lind was announced from all the musical points of the compass—her singing, her acting, her benevolence.

Such a pitch of enthusiasm did the people in one continental city reach, that, the morning after her concert, when she had left the hotel, the public by force rushed in, entered her bedroom, tore up the sheets, blankets, and curtains, to ribbons, and wore them in their coats as trophies of the astounding vocalist, and not before twenty four hours had elapsed did they discover they had entered the wrong room, as Jenny Lind slept in an opposite wing. That unfortunate mistake did not abate the fever of anxiety to hear her; and, on her arrival in England, the enthusiasm nearly equalled that on the Continent—for people rushed in thousands to Her Majesty's Theatre.

Great she undoubtedly was, as a sustained singer, with a lovely voice, over which she had supreme command.

How different the attendances of Jenny Lind to my musical lectures at that same period! Having announced one at Newport Salop, I met a gentleman on the railway who knew me, and had just left that town. He said,—

"I have seen your announcement, Mr. Phillips, but how could you think of giving an evening in such a wretched place as Newport?"

I professed my ignorance of its character, and said I must take my chance. A few weeks after, I met this gentleman again, who asked me,—

"What success? Was I not right?"

"Well," I responded, "I can only tell you this: I could not get the people into the room."

"I'm very glad to hear it," he said, and away we hurried, in opposite directions.

A considerable time afterwards, I met him again in the same locality, when he said,—

"How could you think of telling me such an untruth?"

"An untruth!" I exclaimed, with surprise, "What do you mean?"

"Did you not tell me, that, at Newport, you couldn't get the people into the room?"

"I *did*!" said I—"and it was perfectly true; for not a soul came!"

## CHAPTER X.

THIS year, 1847, was fraught with many circumstances interesting to the lovers of our art. It was, indeed, an illustration of those beautiful words of Isa,—"Coming in, and going out" —for it threw the veil of death over Mendelssohn, Rooke, the composer of "Amelie," and R. B. Peake, with whom, as treasurer of the English Opera House, under Mr. Arnold, for so many years, some of our most happy hours were passed, and most successful efforts sheltered and brought forth. Often, when I visited the treasury on the Saturday mornings, to receive my salary, and sign the book, he would look

at my autograph, and, after musing for a moment, exclaim, with a hearty chuckle,— "It looks exactly as if a mad spider had run over the paper."

At another time he would remark,—

"If you flourished half as much in your singing as you do in your writing, you'd never get on, young man."

I affected to take great offence at these remarks, and, next time, so enlarged my signature, that it occupied two-thirds of the page.

"There!" said Peake, "hang me if you havn't entirely ruined my Saturday sheet!"

"Never mind. You must sleep in blankets," I retorted.

Miss Kate Loder, a cousin of the celebrated John Loder, made her *debût* at the Philharmonic, on the 15th March, and a most charming pianiste she was—playing most brilliantly on that occasion Weber's concerto in E flat. At that concert, I also introduced for the first time the scena Mendelssohn had composed for me,

'On Lena's gloomy heath," which, in parts, is magnificent—but, as a whole, not effective.

We had, about this time, a gentleman connected with our profession, most highly talented, who, some years previously, had written an oratorio full of gems; but who became so dissipated that I will not record his name. However, he prevailed on me to sing at a concert for him in London, something under my usual fee, ten guineas, to which I consented, on condition that I was paid the evening of the concert. I need scarcely add, I was not. Days passed by—weeks—months. Then I wrote to him—but did not receive even a reply. This angered me. I wrote again; no answer—once more, and strongly, saying, "I was surprised I had not heard from him." In a few days, a note was put into my hands, by a would-be kind of gentleman, half-officer, half Bow Street runner, containing the money, and these words,—

"I hope now your astonishment will cease!"

My blood was up.

"Stop!" said I to his friend, "I'll send him an acknowledgment."

So I folded up a piece of paper, on which I wrote, "On the contrary, my astonishment is greater than ever!"

As early as 1845, the approach of Jenny Lind had been heralded in England—the London papers continually giving extracts from the foreign journals, of her wonderful powers, surprising execution, and, above all, her unsurpassed delineation of Norma.

The first positive announcement of this lady's appearance, was, however, in 1847, when she was engaged by Mr. Lumley, for the opera, though under a contract previously made with Mr. Bunn, for Drury Lane. Some litigation, and a vast amount of fuss, was the natural consequence—all of which was quieted by the payment to Mr. Bunn, as it appeared, of some £2,000. No singer since Catalani ever excited the public mind so much as Jenny Lind—and a great artiste she undoubtedly was. The Continental papers did not always fairly represent

her. Their enthusiasm carried them too far, giving her the reputation of a wonderfully florid singer, which she really was not. Her genius and her power lay in the surprising command she had over her voice in sustaining passages, her beautiful and prolonged shake, while the simplicity with which she sang, and the genius she displayed in the characters she personated, rendered her manner natural in the extreme. She brought in little touches of mind, also, that proved at once her superiority, and command over the sympathies of her audience.

There is one trait in this lady's character, that must ever render her memory dear to the English people—that is, the charitable feeling she has ever displayed from the moment she set foot upon our soil. No vocalist we ever boasted, either to have reared or fostered, has contributed so largely to the charities of England as Jenny Lind. It is true she has received large sums—exorbitant sums, it may be, for her services—but others had done so before her, and with what result—that out of five hundred pounds,

some *twenty* or *forty* may have been returned to the speculators; but with her it was different, as in the case of two concerts given at Norwich, in St. Andrew's Hall, where she was to receive one thousand guineas, she voluntarily gave two hundred pounds to the charities in the vicinity of the city. Paganini did not do this, nor Catalani, nor many others I can recollect. It is sufficient, I think, simply to ask, "Who did?" Her appearance in 'Norma,' at Her Majesty's Theatre, did not produce the effect here, that it was reported to have done abroad. We had been accustomed to two great representatives of that character, Madame Pasta, and Grisi—who, great as they were, could not have personated the Somnambula as Jenny Lind did. In these two extremes lay the difference, while the majesty of neither suffered.

The operas at Drury Lane were now on the wane, and Mr. Alfred Bunn became lessee of the Surrey Theatre, carrying with him a great portion of his former operatic corps, amongst

others myself. During the summer months I appeared as Sulpizio, in 'The daughter of the Regiment,' in conjunction with Miss Poole, who, from a child, had gained a celebrity as a drummer. She was a most pleasing actress in all she undertook, and few parts have better displayed her talents than this. Our efforts at this establishment were not of long duration; the frequenters of the Surrey Theatre are not essentially a musical race; they enjoy robberies, and murders, gunpowder plots, and gibbeting, and other little romantic trifles better than French or Italian music; the notes consequently on the stage far exceeded those in the treasury, and musical tours and entertainments again became the order of the day.

I am drawing now so near the termination of the Antient Concerts, that a slight review of their origin may perhaps not prove uninteresting to my readers. Many musical antiquarians have been under the impression, that the old, and first Royal Academy of Music, and the Antient Concerts, came into existence together and under

the same patronage; such was not the case, for it was during the reign of George I. that His Majesty and several noblemen subscribed a large sum of money (some forty or fifty thousand pounds), for the promotion and advancement of Italian operas, to be given at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, to which Handel was appointed conductor; in addition Buononcini was also retained to compose operas, an arrangement that caused many, and at times desperate disputes, between the hot-headed Italian and obstinate German. The whole sum subscribed was soon exhausted, and I dare say much more, when the Institution ceased about the year 1728, at which time Handel turned his thoughts seriously towards composing oratorios.

A society then sprang into existence for the preservation of the writings of the Antient Masters, and a number of subscription concerts were given at the Crown and Anchor, in the Strand. An Academy of Antient Music, founded by Dr. Pepusch, also at that time existed. From these institutions arose the Antient Concerts, seven-

teen years after Handel's death, the first conductor of which was Joah Bates, the leaves of whose score, as he sat at the organ, were often turned by the present Sir George Smart, when a mere lad. At the death of Joah Bates Mr. Greatorex was appointed conductor, and retained the post until his death, in 1831, when Wm. Knyvett succeeded him, and remained in office till 1839, at which period the directors unfortunately agreed to try the experiment of selecting a conductor for each of the nights; thus, Mr. Bishop, Mr. Turle, Sir George Smart, Mr. Lucas, &c. took their turns during the season. This arrangement did not succeed; the band and chorus became jostled by the different ideas and manners of each, until Sir H. R. Bishop was permanently elected in 1843, which appointment he retained till both concerts and conductors left their paternal roof never to return. This sad and national affliction occurred soon after, since which time the English vocalists have become wandering minstrels.

The fashion for foreign talent at length reached

fever height; everything must be Italian or German, mixed up with perhaps a little French, Russian, and Swedish. Russian brass bands came over for the season, and performed, on awkward instruments, pieces that could have been much better and more pleasingly executed by our own military orchestras with one quarter the trouble. Then we had foreign pianists, who thumped with all their might, ran from one end of the keys to the other for half an hour together without seeming the least fatigued, and pitched upon notes in the centre, making a melody which exactly appeared as if some little boy was playing the air with one finger while half-a-dozen monkeys were running mischievously up and down, trying to prevent him. Poor John Cramer might well hide himself in a corner, for if he had tried I am sure he could not have accomplished such feats. I asked him one evening what he thought of this new school. "Well," he replied, in his usually quiet and gentlemanly manner, "it seems to me like a school without education, where the

pupils, not being properly instructed, are always trying to find out something." One German professor had a most extraordinary mode of commencing; he struck some six or eight tremendous chords, and took off his hands as if the keys were red hot. Between each chord he nearly jumped off his seat, and turned his head sharp round from one side to the other, like the little mechanical Turks, which we see exhibited in the streets, on large portable tables. Having accomplished this extraordinary feat, he began with an energy that seemed destined to destroy keys, wires, sounding-board—anything —all, that came in his way. Having finished, everybody said "Wonderful!" and then inquired what it was! The originator of this florid school was Thalberg, but here was the great master!—wonderful, indeed, in his playing,—original, bold, and astounding; while his imitators, who in hundreds always try to surpass the original, invariably fall short of the mark.

Herr Pischek, a new importation, a singer of singular construction, an immense man, with a

monstrous bass voice joined to an extensive falsetto, introduced some very original songs, such as 'The Standard Bearer.' His mode of singing was novel, and therefore acceptable, but it did not come up to my ideas of genuine vocalization.

Alarmed by these rapid and abundant importations, I joined Mr. Land, John Wilson's late accompaniest, in giving some musical entertainments. He sang exceedingly well, in addition to being an excellent pianiste. Our subjects were really very interesting, both sacred and secular, yet failed in attraction; so we did not continue our entertainments for any length of time.

Having now some leisure upon my hands, I wrote a little treatise on fly-fishing, illustrated by a characteristic song for each of the seven months. The book was published by Pickering, Pall Mall, and obtained me a great number of subscribers.

It was my first appearance in public as an author, and I am much indebted for my success

to Mr. Hogarth, our respected musical reporter, who went over it many times with me, and corrected errors which my unaccustomed eye would not have detected. The frontispiece was an engraving from a portrait by Mr. J. P. Knight, R.A., which represented me in my fishing-dress, and which was exhibited at the Royal Academy.

I fear many who read my memoirs will say, I much doubt Mr. Phillips' celebrity as a vocalist, for by his own confession he did so many things, that he appears to be a Jack of all trades and master of none. And I must be candid enough to confess that some similar remark would most probably have fallen from me, did I peruse a corresponding account of the career of any one else, whom I did not personally know.

In defending myself then from such an imputation, I must beg it to be understood that my various employments and hobbies arose from a horror of being idle; I must be doing something, if it was only mischief; and as to hobbies, how few men are contented with the art

by which they have rendered themselves popular. Too frequently they fancy they were by nature intended for something else; and thus work hard at other things, in which they may become respectable amateurs, until they imagine they are equal, if not in some points, superior to professors.

For myself, though I have smiled at the vanity of amateur musicians, I have been delighted at their ambition; the only drawback to which has been the evident feeling that they knew quite as much, if not more than anybody else. If such people could only recognise the smile of incredulity which passes over the features of him, whose life has been solely devoted to the cause, their ambition and imaginary knowledge would bow in humble reverence to the slightest compliment artists might be pleased to pass upon them.

I musically experienced this in a very old and eccentric friend, whom I may say I have known since boyhood. He is afflicted with a species of monomania, which impresses him

with the belief, that he is the greatest singer, the finest instrumentalist; and the most wonderful composer in the world; in addition to which if he detects any beauties in a vocalist or instrumentalist, he is immediately impressed with the idea that he taught the performer those beauties himself, or that he has heard it from him; an idea which must be very gratifying to the individual, and no doubt calms his anxious mind amazingly. At times this has been carried a little too far; for having fancied that his friend did not sing his part in an oratorio so well as he could have wished, he said, "Come to me in the morning and I will teach it you;" which I have no doubt he would, although being thoroughly unacquainted with all classical writings, an indifferent musician, bad timest, and scarcely tolerable singer, his endeavours would have been useless.

The most important event during the whole of this season, was Mr. Costa's appointment as conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts. I have before spoken of this gentleman, his anima-

tion, skill, and knowledge, which was immediately and most perceptibly felt by every member of the orchestra.

One of the best duet writers that ever visited the metropolis, Gabussi, died at this period. His themes were elegant, and the voices beautifully blended, while the subjects he selected were perfectly original; some few are favourably known to the musical world in the present day. So great by this time had the influx and patronage of foreigners become, that our English ladies and gentlemen to insure themselves some little countenance had to desert their colours and be called; if a married lady, Madame So and So, if single, Mademoiselle, or Signora; which custom is still preserved. I have not been able to ascertain with any positive certainty whether it improves the voices or not.

Having completed my tour with the Misses Birch and Lockey, I took one on my *own account* through Somersetshire and Devonshire. There is a charm in the very name of Devonshire that associates itself with all the good

things of this life;—milk, butter, cream, eggs, lamb, lobsters, mullet, soles, shrimps, cyder, and goodness knows what else beside. My tour included Barnstaple, Bideford, Torrington, Ilfracombe, &c. At one of the three first-mentioned towns, I was told of two celebrated musical gentlemen that it would be necessary for me to call upon, and make friends with, before I could hope for a good attendance, as their opinions influenced the entire town. I did not much like my errand, but under the circumstances consented.

The first I called on was a rather elderly person, who had been suffering from a dreadful attack of cholera, and was then lying on the sofa. He asked me to sing him something. I did, and sang 'The Milkmaid,' as I thought it might purify the air in the room.

The other gentleman had very weak legs, and walked on crutches. To him I sang 'When up the shrouds the sailor goes.' The first patron I so refreshed, and the second I so invi-

gorated, that my fame spread, and my concert was excellently attended.

I then travelled to that celebrated watering place Ilfracombe, which is really very beautiful and picturesque, the shore abounding with curiously shaped rocks of considerable height, different from anything I had ever seen before, being full of points, on every one of which is seated, or rather perched, a man, woman, or child all day long; the people seem as if they grew out of the rock, sunshades, bonnets and all, and were never removed. Some were reading, others sketching, a few with opera-glasses looking out for the sea-serpent. There are winding paths all about the cliffs, that invariably bring one to the spot one started from, the difficulty being how to leave it and get home. Music here was at a very low ebb. Having neglected to announce, bread, butter, and shrimps, between the parts, the attendance on my concerts was not great.

Returning from these southern towns I visited

Weston-super-mare, where, by appointment, I met my friend Tom Millar of Bath, and joined him in giving a concert in the Western Town-Hall, a large, round, uncouth sort of building, with a terrific reverberation. The papers said the room was fully and fashionably attended. Why they did this I cannot imagine, unless it was intended as a little compliment to the hall-keeper, who knew from experience that if a concert was announced the people were sure to hire all the donkeys on the sands. As to the fashion, there certainly was one lady without a bonnet, and two little children with red shoes and silk stockings.

The first part of our concert was sacred, during which Mr. Millar sang 'Comfort ye my people.' He had just arrived at that long holding note on 'comfort ye,' when an old gentleman walked in, and sitting down at one extreme end of an empty bench, went overboard with a noise that resembled a grand gala of thunder storms, mixed with shrieks which flew about, like flashes of lightning. The horror, noise,

and consternation ended in a roar of laughter. These and many other little incidents I shall have to relate hereafter, in a volume separate altogether, I hope, from the present.

The tours we had formed in little parties proved the necessity of something like a combination amongst the members of the English profession, and became yearly more important. This led to many conversations, and suggestions relative to some society, that might not only keep us together, but afford us an universal reputation.

The vocal concerts established some years previously by Miss Birch, Miss Hawes, Hobbs and myself, their origin, success and failure, were canvassed; in doing which the cause of failure was evidently traced to the number of persons called into requisition to perfect the music performed. With the exception of the oratorios at Exeter Hall it did not appear probable that any large body of vocalists or instrumentalists could be sufficiently rewarded by assembling together as a commonwealth. On a close calcu-

lation some six or seven artists seemed to be the utmost number likely to command success; and our thoughts were then directed to the species of music most likely to effect such an object. Our national music was the first to present itself to our minds.

"Ah! ah!" would exclaim the German, or Italian, "national music! has England got any national music? Roast beef and guineas, that is their national music."

Musical men, I believe, would make but indifferent grenadiers; our discipline and courage will not vie with that of our standing army, who in war will stand anything—but we form columns of peace, we sound the loud trumpets and beat the drums, though the tenth, which is our regimental designation, never fight!

It came, however, to that point of our country's history, when the national musical flag was in danger, and when a valiant army, consisting of Mr. Francis, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Land, myself, and Johnny Hobbs as the general commander-in-chief, resolved to free our reputation from the

hands of foreign invaders; in which cause, according to all Shaksperian usages, we resolved to win or perish in the attempt. Day after day our ideas were drilled, and our plan of defence determined on; which was to erect a battery of our finest glees; an artillery force of the most ancient madrigals; and send forth skirmishers armed with the songs and ballads of the most agreeable and pleasing character.

The male force was now complete; and we had only to perfect the Amazonian portion. Francis was our alto, Lockey and Hobbs our tenori, Land our accompaniest and occasional tenor, and myself the baritone. We then selected Miss Martha Williams as our contralto, and on the recommendation of our friend Lockey, Mrs. Endersohn as soprano. She was introduced, I believe, to the public by Mr. Hullah at his concerts and oratorios in St. Martin's Hall, and reported to us, as a lady possessing a very beautiful fresh voice, and an excellent knowledge of music. Accordingly we did not hesitate to install her as our prima donna, and

were now complete, at least for a commencement of future proceedings.

By this time, that which at first appeared trivial grew into serious import, and every day impressed us with the necessity of incorporating ourselves as a distinct body, under some equally distinct appellation, and of having a course marked out for our immediate action.

The next meeting introduced the ladies to us; and now came the great question of the day, "Were we to be called the noodle club, or the foodle club?" There is great virtue in a name. Jesting apart, our cause was too serious to admit of either noodles or foodles; for, in fact, the gentlemen were, apart from their profession, clever men, myself, I believe, the least so amongst them, but not the least zealous in my calling.

After numberless suggestions Mr. Land proposed that we should call ourselves 'The English Glee and Madrigal Union,' that our staple commodity should be the sterling English Glees of the greatest writers, and that we should,

regardless of time or fatigue, render them more perfect than they had ever yet been represented; so that if we failed in our object, it could neither be attributed to our want of zeal, study, nor comprehension of this most difficult, intricate, and intellectual branch of the divine art, for divine indeed it is. What instrument is so perfect as the human voice, and what harmony is so equal, mellifluous, and religious as the blended and rich chords produced by many persons? To guide our practice and our judgment we had one member above all to be prized, Mr. Hobbs. Since Tom Moore I never heard a simple ballad more beautifully, elegantly or energetically delivered, than by this gentleman. In addition to this talent he had been even more mixed up than myself, with the glee singers of the period which preceded us, and had consequently imbibed the true feeling and style of those compositions which were fast fading from our view. The name having been decided on we desired an original form of announcement, one which might strike the eye of the passers-by,

wherever our bills or tickets were displayed; so the following was agreed on—

THE ENGLISH GLEE

and

MADRIGAL UNION.

We separated with hearty hopes of success, and when next we met it was in a merry mood, to decide on our room, day, and first programme.

## CHAPTER XI.

BEFORE entering on the events of our next meeting, let us see whether I am authorized in asserting that our English glees are the most perfect in Europe of that species of composition, the most difficult to execute, the most intellectual to study, the most refined when properly rendered, and wedded to poetry, of a higher grade, than those of any other nation. Catches, and canons, originated the conception of glees. Of the words of these catches originally, I can say nothing in praise. The best character I can award them is, that they were in accordance with the manners and education of the time. It was not until the dawn of re-

finement shed its first golden beam over the minds of men, that glees, the pure children of a dissolute parent, first came into existence. Rapidly did they progress, until our greatest musicians sought these subjects for the display of their genius and knowledge. Glees even excited Lord Mornington to vie with his less exalted brethren in the art. Look through the whole catalogue, and one will scarcely be found wedded to indifferent poetry—that is, one of the more serious character.

In Germany, the inhabitants have long boasted of this species of composition—but it is of most inferior order. Of late, they have come forward with four-part songs, thought by those who do not understand the subject, to be quite as beautiful and high in art as our glees. Some of them are, certainly, very pretty—but this is the highest term which can be applied to them.

We do not expect the public to judge as musicians—else, fancy the indignation caused by the remark, that they "thought the Christy Minstrels subdued their voices, and sang quite

as well as the Glee and Madrigal Union." With all due respect for the really beautiful negro melodies, and the excellent way in which the minstrels blend and subdue their voices, there is such an evidence of that absence of education, by which the peer is distinguished from the peasant, that a comparison which is no compliment to them, becomes a degradation to us.

Our object, then, being the highest attainment of art, the most correct intonation and profound study of the poetry, we met to decide upon our room, and the day on which we should first appear. The voices were admirably selected—that is, the qualities of each being full-toned, and capable of blending, no one voice being prominent—Mrs. Endersohn's register was very equal, ranging from C below to A above; and Miss Williams, again, rich in the extreme, and the public ear well familiarized with the quality of her voice, she having, for a considerable period, gained much reputation by singing of duets with her elder sister, whom, it would seem, somewhat ungraciously, as sisters

do, sometimes, left her in order to sing duets with a gentleman in Gloucester, Mr. Price, such as, 'Together let us range the Fields,' and which ended, with 'All's well.' Mr. Francis had the richest alto I ever heard, and was excellently educated in this school of music—and ambitious to outstrip all former reputations. Mr. Lockey possessed a charming tenor voice, was enthusiastic in the cause, and had been trained, also, in the school we met to advance. He was the youngest of our members—a great lover of all that was beautiful in nature and art—so much so, that a lovely face placed before him, caused a temporary blindness, that sometimes made the notes appear very indistinct. It was a great misfortune, but he had always been liable to it from youth. Mr. John Hobbs, likewise, was an excellent musician, beautiful melodist, possessed a refined mind, and was conversant with almost everything connected with this branch of art. For our first reading, and execution of the great glees, we may be said to have relied almost wholly on his judgment—for, though I had

been once associated with the Knyvetts and Vaughan, the pains bestowed on glee-singing, in their early day, was not then practised as formerly—consequently, I had not that experience which Mr. Hobbs boasted, neither was my knowledge so extensive as his; my voice being a light baritone, blended well with the rest. Mr. Land, a thoroughly good musician, executed his part well and correctly, if called into action; in addition to which, his qualifications as an accompaniest, were well known. A very enthusiastic gentleman, Mr. Cole, offered his assistance to promote our interest—and, having through family connexions, some access to the court, promised us the immediate patronage of Her Majesty and Prince Albert.

We at length decided on giving a series of six morning performances at Willis's Rooms, St. James, for which we selected the very finest glees, and sang nothing else—dividing the concert into three parts. We had a number of subscribers, and our room was full of the most fashionable people in London. The perfection

we had even then reached astonished everyone. Such part-singing had been never heard before —and, most certainly, has not been heard since.

Two important things had to be determined on, ere we appeared. That was, as we did not profess to use any instrument, although a grand pianoforte was present, how were we to hit upon the various keys our glees were in?—for, though one key must be analogous to that preceding it, how were we all with *exactness* to hit upon it. The next thing was, by what means (as we had no conductor) were we to begin instantaneously together. Hitherto, the starting of glees resembled the starting of race-horses: This would not do in our case. We must all start together, and terminate together, or we should accomplish no more than others had done before us. The mode of giving the key was very soon decided—and, equally so, the method of commencing at the same instant, without looking at each other. Both plans were simple in the extreme, and yet, apparently,

wrapped in such mystery, that I have known professors time after time attend our concerts, to unfathom the secret, who have gone away without doing so. I was appointed to give the key. This I did by carrying a little pitch-pipe in my waistcoat pocket, which, of course, sounded one note when blown into, as soft as possible; raising my music-paper before my face, I blew the pipe, which was C, and took from it the key-note of our glee. I then hummed the note very, very softly, which, the others being on the alert to hear, caught immediately—and, as far as that went, we were all right. The next thing was, when to begin? Suppose our glee in common time four beats in a bar. I beat three with my foot very softly, and, on the fourth crotchet, we, to a second, began.

Like many other wondrous things, the secret was surpassingly simple when known. Series after series, our concerts continued, increasing in attraction, until the London season was fairly worn out, and society had marched off into the

country to recruit. We followed the example, and explored the country, too, giving most successful concerts everywhere—for our reputation rapidly spread. When occasion required, we called in the aid of another bass, and, now and then, a pianist, such as J. L. Hatton, a man of wondrous ability, both as a pianist and composer; in fact, overflowing with talent.

The next London season we added a number of voices to our choir, to execute the madrigals —increasing our expenses, but not our reputation. Our attendances, though great, were not greater, while our outlay was more than ever. Our harmonious crew got displeased, the two ladies did not exactly agree; until, after a short, but prosperous reign, one of the finest opportunities that almost ever presented itself was destroyed, never to be revived. Some attempts have since been made, but all, in every essential point, have failed. The labour we bestowed on the production of some things, and the new effects and readings which grew out of it, were truly marvellous. In evidence of this I would

instance such glees, and accompanied music, as, 'When winds breathe soft;' 'Blow gentle gales;' 'Where art thou, beam of light?' and that master-piece of all glee-writing, 'Blest pair of Syrens,' which, as a wonderful display of part-singing, and perfect intonation, has never been approached. There was in this glee an organic effect quite new in part-singing—a softening and swelling of the various voices, that almost gave the impression of mechanism; and again, at the termination of any particular phrase, a dying away of the tone in so prolonged a manner, that five of the longest breaths, could not have accomplished it in the ordinary way. This was done by an arrangement marked in our copies, of taking breath at various portions of the sustained note, so as to continue the sound unbroken, but diminishing the voices from five to four; then from four to three; three to two; and terminating with the slightest tone from the bass: in other words, ending with the diapason, as an organist would do. I have observed the audience catching their breath, as in wonder how much longer

the tone could be sustained. We frequently endeavoured to enliven our glees by a modern catch, such as, 'Would you know my Celia's charms?' which requires four voices: but of so nervously risible a nature was our tenor, Lockey, that long before he got half through, he would laugh much more than the audience, and leave us to finish the catch by ourselves. One circumstance of a very droll nature occurred in the country, at a morning concert, where we had our room crowded with all the nobility, and wealthy families for miles round. Our friend took it into his head that he should like to give the key-note—all went on very smoothly till we arrived at that German four-part song, 'Spring's Delights,' which Miss Williams, Lockey, Hobbs, and myself, were to sing in A flat. Instead of A, he gave us E flat. We began, coughed a little, got on towards the middle of the first verse, began to look at each other, and eventually stuck fast. We could not get the notes out; they were a mile below our powers. Lockey, suspecting the error, burst out laugh-

ing, left the orchestra, and we, in self defence, were obliged to follow him with aching sides. I am sure, for five minutes we could not speak to each other, till at last some one said, "What have you done?" He had done for us, while the astonished audience were left in grave doubts as to our sanity. "What's to be done?" all exclaimed; "what can we say?" "The truth," said I, "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." So on I went, told my plain, unvarnished tale, begged their pardon, hoped for forgiveness, and the whole affair terminated pleasantly. During the second part of the concert we were asked to sing the unfortunate glee, but we respectfully declined; the circumstance was too vividly stamped upon our memories, for us to attempt a repetition.

The slightest thing in the world will at times set an audience in a roar of laughter, as I proved at a concert where I was engaged, amongst other things, to sing 'The Soul's errand,' which is a species of recitative of a

very solemn character. The audience—a crowded one—sat in mute silence as I began my theme. I had just arrived at the end of the first line, 'Go, Soul, the body's guest;' when a woman gave one of the most terrific sneezes I ever heard in my life; a vulgar woman—she must have been a vulgar woman, for none but such a woman could have uttered such a sneeze. The effect was electric. I laughed till I cried: the audience joined me most heartily. A general shout was raised of "Turn her out." Upon this, she stood up on the form, and, shaking her fists violently at the assemblage, said; "Turn me out, will you? that's a werry good 'un. What! because I'm a poor ooman I mustn't sneeze, I suppose!" "Turn her out!" shouted a hundred voices, as they always do in public places; but no one out of the valiant throng took upon himself to do it. "Turn her out!" was still the cry. "Turn me out! will ye?" she cried, "I should like to see the man as'll do it!" Unfortunately, poor thing, she did see two or three that politely complied with her request;

the entire police force being called in, which consisted of the beadle, the woman that dusted the room, and my check-taker. One poor soul's errand, having been fulfilled, I again essayed to proceed, and produced my usual effect.

A very praiseworthy effort was made by Mr. Rophino Lacy, in 1847, to resuscitate the gems of Handel's Italian Operas, some few of which had been adapted to sacred words; but the greater portion passed by unheeded. The series of four was commenced at the Hanover Square Rooms, on May 17th, and the first performance was to consist of selections from ten operas. Mr. Lacy's vocalists were Miss Delcy, Miss M. B. Hawes, Mr. Manvers, and myself; the instrumentalists being Mr. T. Cooke, Mr. Dando, Mr. J. L. Hatton, Lindley, and Howell. A preface of considerable length explained the object, asserting that the beauties of Handel were yet unknown. Some very charming songs that people generally were not acquainted with, most certainly were amongst the selection, but they were not of a character to attract the public; so with the

series of four evenings the effort died out, and has not since been repeated.

Among the numerous musical entertainers of this day, was John Parry, who had given a varied subject, in a portion of which he dressed as a Welsh girl, had his platform arrayed with brass rods and curtains, in the centre of which was a frame, in which he exhibited his drawings. These were upon a large scale for water-colour paintings, and some were cleverly and artistically executed. After a time, he gave up public life, and retired to Portsmouth, where he resided for a considerable period. His fittings were all sold, and no more for a time was heard of John Parry.

There then arose a subject which I fancied I could arrange and illustrate in a similar manner —the Crimean War. I took for my guide Miss Pardoe's 'City of the Sultan;' and collected together a number of sketches to paint from, amongst others, one of Constantinople. But now came the difficulty of the apparatus. By mere chance, I heard that a person who kept

an inn at Kingston-on-Thames, had bought Mr. Parry's fittings, and was about to adorn a large Freemasons' room he had on the premises, with them. I went to him in all haste, and becoming the purchaser of the rods, curtains, and frame, set about painting my pictures, wrote my lectures, composed my songs, and produced my entertainment at Mr. Blagrove's rooms, in Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square. The preparation for this City of the Sultan occupied me night and day for many, many months, ere I had perfected it. When produced, though most effective, it proved the greatest failure I had ever yet experienced. I did not remain long in London with it, so arranged an extensive tour round the country. The weight of my brass and iron, packed in huge boxes, caused such an expense, however, that it swallowed up all profits; and I clearly saw that no attendances I might have, could possibly reward me. On one occasion, having been the round of Devonshire, I had fixed two or three evenings for Weymouth; and I thought the most easy way of going, as

well as the most agreeable would be, to take a boat at Star Cross, be rowed over to Exmouth, and then hire a yacht, to waft me across the bay. It being the height of summer, I anticipated much pleasure from the trip; and, with a favourable wind was told I should not be more than some six hours in performing it.

Arrived at Exmouth, I had an interview with the master of the vessel, who reported all favourable, and said that my heavy goods should all be on board by five o'clock next morning, and the boat be ready to receive me at six o'clock. Mr. Henry Blagrove, (who had been Mr. Parry's right hand man during his entertainment career, was now engaged with me,) went on to Weymouth, per coach, to be ready for my landing at twelve or one o'clock, in that harbour. I rose early, the morning was lovely in the extreme, not a cloud to be seen, not much wind stirring, only a soft balmy air, that a traveller would fancy, let it be in what quarter it might, could not blow him to a wrong place. I thought it possible that our six hours might

be extended to eight or ten, or possibly twelve, and even then I should have a lovely bright evening to land. To provide against such chances, I had a good large jar of beer put on board, a bottle of whiskey, some cigars, a cold fowl and ham, some boiled beef, and plenty of bread and butter. I hugged myself with the thought of what an excellent Robinson Crusoe I should have made, not for a moment reflecting, that the lone gentleman referred to, had no opportunity of ordering what I did. We left Exmouth with a very fair wind, not much of it, but in the right direction. Having cleared the headland, the mainsail was set, and the pilot prepared breakfast, which consisted of the viands I had put on board. We went on very slowly; in fact, we did not seem to move at all. Our captain feared a dead calm was coming on; the wind did not, as in Henry Russell's song, whistle a tune, but the captain did, as sailors always do when they want a wind, which I presume gave rise to the saying, that if you wish for anything you have

no chance of obtaining, that you may whistle for it. Well, he did whistle, and the more he whistled, the more it didn't come. The day seemed wearing away fast: I looked at my watch, and lo! it was four o'clock—time for dinner. "Shall we have it?"—"Certainly."—"Shall we have time to take it, and enjoy a cigar?"—"Plenty," replied the captain, half smiling, and so we had. All preparation made, we sat down to the repast, looking anxiously about for a wind. In the distance, right ahead, I observed what appeared to me a very odd-looking cloud, and which my companion feared was a fog. "It may chop round," said he. I knew nothing about fogs chopping round; we had chopped round the dinner, and didn't let that escape; but not long after the meal the fog came chopping in the wrong direction, until about seven o'clock we could not see five yards before us. We were in a dead calm, and at the mercy of the tides and currents which run upon that coast in all directions. A pretty situation we were in; evening was closing fast

upon us, we did not know where we we were, except that we were in the vicinity of a very dangerous coast, abounding with sunken rocks. It soon became evident to me that our position was a critical one, and my companion was in a state of uncertainty how to act. As it was now night, dark as Erebus, he lit a couple of candles in lanthorns, and sat attentively listening for any sound he could catch. At length, about ten o'clock, he said, "Listen! we're near shore —I hear the breakers! We have but one chance—that is, to drop the anchor and lie-to till morning." No sooner proposed than done; and

There we lay,
Till next day,
Very far from the Bay of Biscay, oh!

"Listen," said my guide, "we're close a-shore —I hear footsteps, and, judging by the rattle of the shingle, we must be somewhere near Sidmouth." "I wish we were at Hampstead or Highgate," thought I. The anchor held, and so far we were safe. I sat smoking my cigar

till near one in the morning, listening to the unceasing tramp of men, and many voices. "It's very strange," I remarked, "that people should be walking about in this way all night, and talking in such a mysterious manner," for though we could hear their voices distinctly through the silence that prevailed, we could not distinguish what they said. "There must be something the matter," said the captain, in a whisper; "however, we are all right, so do you turn in, sir. There's my bed, just lie down for a few hours, and I'll keep the watch." To those who have never been exposed to a similar peril, it is scarcely credible how every sound of tread or voice is distinctly conveyed to the ear; it literally seemed as if a few steps would bring us in contact with the objects we heard during the night, for I could not sleep. I heard several times a voice call out, "Ahoi!" to which I was about to reply, when "Hush!" said my friend, "hush! no reply; I don't know what they mean, or who they are; they may be wreckers, for aught we know, and then a

pretty mess we should be in, so be quiet, sir; they daren't come off, the fog is too dense." In this suspense we remained all night, constantly listening and whispering. At length, as the morning broke, the fog began to lift a little, and our captain said, "I'll now row ashore, and try to find out where we are." He did; was not absent more than half an hour, and on returning reported his ignorance of our whereabouts. "We must wait till the sun is fairly up," said he, "before this fog will clear, so we'll get breakfast ready." The mist soon dispersed, and left us in the glorious sunshine of a summer's morning, with Sidmouth, sure enough, in the distance, apparently not further off than two or three miles.

We had no sooner begun our repast, than a long boat, well manned, was observed to put off, and row hurriedly towards us. As they neared us, it became quite evident that we were the objects they had in view; a few minutes more, and the boat was alongside of us, containing some eight or ten men. In an

instant four men jumped on deck, armed with pistols and cutlasses.

"What do you want here?" said they; "we've been watching you all night. What have you got a-board?"

My friend, the captain, certainly looked a rather rough seaman, and I not much better, with my sou'-wester, and unshaven, and unwashed face.

"Come," said the men, "we must overhaul you."

"You may overhaul as much as you please," said I, "but you'll not find much. I thought you had come to inquire how we were, and I was just about to thank you for your politeness."

"Come, come," said a third man, "this won't do; have you any spirits a-board?"

"Yes," I replied, "whiskey."

"I thought so," said he; "out with it."

"Here it is," I said, holding up the solitary bottle. All this time I observed that my companion was enjoying a smothered laugh forward: at last he joined us, saying—

"Can't ye see, ye lubbers, that this is the 'Jane,' of Exmouth, and I'm taking this gentleman over to Weymouth with some pictures? How did you know we were bound in this mist?"

"Why we saw your mast sticking up through the fog, it hugg'd the sea so close. The deuce take the craft," added they, "we thought you were smugglers."

"And we took you for wreckers," said our captain.

So there were not many compliments lost between us.

"Come, my friends, a glass of the smuggled whiskey each," said I, "and we'll get our breakfast."

So wishing them a good morning, and showering our best thanks for their care of us all night, and kind inquiries in the morning, we parted very good friends.

It was nine o'clock that evening before the boat got into Weymouth. I landed at Sidmouth, got into the main road, and travelled to my destination by coach. My apparatus, however, arrived

two hours too late for my advertised entertainment, which was consequently postponed till the next evening.

I soon discarded my heavy baggage, brought it to London, and sold for about ten pounds, all that had cost me originally one hundred. I was truly glad to get rid of the apparatus, for the trouble I had experienced in conveying it by rail from one place to another was at times most perplexing. For example, at Bath, where I was engaged to give a morning performance in the Pump Room, my pictures, &c. did not arrive for nearly two hours after the appointed time, causing me much distress, and the audience much annoyance. In fact, I was unable to fix my curtains, and had to exhibit my pictures by holding them up.

It was some twelvemonth after this that I again travelled in the south, with a little concert party, during July and August. We had given two concerts at Exeter, viz. on the Friday evening and Saturday morning, which were attended as most concerts are, and have ever been within

my recollection in that city, most wretchedly. We rested on the Sunday, heard the service beautifully performed in the cathedral, and Dr. Wesley, on the organ, who knowing we were there played a glorious voluntary, showing the full power of what was then, the finest organ in England. The diapasons were really astounding, causing the very stones we stood on to tremble with the vibration the sound produced. On the Monday morning we travelled from Exeter to Plymouth by a mid-day train. The ladies went in the first-class, but we selected the second on account of the great heat.

Our compartment was very full; we had both windows open, and thus moved slowly to the station at the other end of the city. Here an evidently newly-married couple presented themselves to occupy any vacant portion of our carriage. Knowing the train was very full; we squeezed together sufficiently to make room for the lady on one side next to the window, and the gentleman opposite.

Having accomplished this feat, the bridegroom

begged of her to step in; she hesitated; which caused us to observe them with more than ordinary curiosity. The bridegroom was a lad of about twenty, the fair bride certainly not less than sixty. Their dress bore evidence of their having been married that morning. She was a lovely girl, about four foot two, dressed in virgin white, possessing a very ruddy complexion, long flaxen ringlets, and wearing a light gossamer bonnet, ornamented inside and out with orange blossoms, and tied by broad white ribbons. The lad looked very sheepish, did nothing but grin, and unceasingly wiped his forehead and nose alternately with his white cotton gloves.

"Get in, my dear, pray do," he said.

"I can't, my dear," she said, pushing him away, while she trembled like an aspen leaf, "I never was in a railway, and I can't."

The bridegroom wiped his nose violently with the back of his glove, gave a terrific sniff, and said, "do, my dear."

"Take your seats," called out the guard. With an effort that made her young heart pal-

pitate, the bride dashed into the carriage, and almost fainting, sat down beside the window.

By this time our curiosity about the pair had been roused, and we were amazingly amused by the vulgarity of the one, and the maiden bashfulness of the other. Away we went at a rattling pace, not stopping till we came to Star Cross. She held by the window with one hand, and playfully patted her husband in the face with the other. It was insufferably hot, so the lady untied the ribbons of her gossamer bonnet, by which time we were approaching the open sea, the rail running close to the beach.

"This is the prospect," he said, "my dear; now you'll see Exmouth, and such a view! do look out."

"I can't," she exclaimed.

"Oh do! my dear."

"I can't."

"But do."

"I shan't."

"You must: make haste; you'll lose it all; look out!"

She did, he held her slender waist; she popped out the gossamer bonnet, and the long flaxen curls, and in the instant the rude rushing wind took both clean off, leaving her as bald as she was born.

The shouts of laughter which followed this display were really distressing. The young man offered his silk handkerchief to cover her poor head, in return for which she scratched his face. One fat man near me rolled off his seat and roared with laughter on the floor till he was black in the face.

She said "she never met with such a set of inhuman blackguards in her life;" and so the scene went on till we arrived at the platform of the Star Cross Station, where the lady alighted wrapped in anything she could get, to the great amusement of the crowded bystanders who were immediately informed of the mishap by the guard calling out "the lady's lost her bonnet." "And her wig," added a porter; which speech caused a roar of laughter. How they got on, or where they went to afterwards, or who got the wig we never heard.

## CHAPTER XII.

BEFORE the dissolution of the Madrigal Union we had two concerts at Harrogate, during which time, I took a survey of the place, and one morning made a voyage of discovery, to ascertain if anything remained of that spot so early impressed upon my memory. I had been given to understand that the theatre had long ceased to exist, and I naturally expected that the whole locality was in like manner changed. I wandered on till I arrived at a point which strangely reminded me of my youthful days. I turned round, and there, to my astonishment, stood the front of the theatre, now converted into a private dwelling-house, but the upper part, the wooden

front I so well remembered, still stood as of old before me. There, too, was the parlour window, at which I and my father so frequently sat, and next door there still remained the manager's house, and the very garden-gate whereon my first love swung, waving her handkerchief the while, as I turned the corner of the road to walk to York. At least, the gate looked unaltered, and was, I fancied, precisely the same.

Now flashed back all the circumstances attendant on my first appearance in public. I saw, in my mind's eye, the large bill which announced me; I heard the symphony played to my song; listened to my boyish voice; held my breath for the applause; saw my humpback jacket, and spoke to the boys who next morning praised my singing, standing on the very spot I then occupied.

I remained listening and believing till I awoke to the cold reality of my present, which the dead silence around confirmed. All had fled; not only the days, but even the actors in those early scenes.

Could I believe so long a period had elapsed? Then a little lad, now fast gliding into age! What an amazing and electric power is thought, that can recall upon the instant scores of years gone by; picture, in vivid colours, all the scenes of youth; waft us, in a second, to cities thousands of miles away, where in the spirit we walk up streets, and visit buildings, as though we were actually there in the flesh. What then is space, and what is time? the mere illusions of our lives, the one annihilated by thought, the other, quick to the industrious, slow to the idler; yet, each in an instant passed, and hurried into that eternity where time and space, the past and present are as one.

The dull depressing thoughts of that day haunted me for long after, waking in my breast a thousand emotions of gratitude on the one hand and regret on the other; my regrets I will not publish, but my gratitude to God, who has endowed me with so many gifts, (not great, though good,) I may, in

public as well as private, ever acknowledge thankfully.

Apart from my profession, my great delight was ever in the scenes of nature; I never revelled in the noise and gaiety of the city, the fields and the hills were to me the finest furniture in the world, the most charming of all parlours, the most gorgeous of all drawing-rooms; the purlings of the trout streams and the songs of birds, the finest harmony conceivable. At every opportunity I flew, then, to happy Pangbourne, or to that Elysium near Liphook, in Hampshire; there I trolled my merry songs, praising the meadows and the Bramshot streams, and taking portraits of overshadowed lanes and rustic stiles. I thus not only gained health, calmness of mind, and tranquillity of heart, but wooed the various aspects of the day, until my love for nature grew past my telling, and never did I after rest until I found the opportunity of quitting my prison-house, London, and flying to those scenes I had all my life, so longed to inhabit. My first

dwelling-place was Wakefield, in Yorkshire, where I gained a delightful connection of pupils, made many valuable friends, was in the very centre of my early recollections, and surrounded by a beautiful country in all directions. As a matter of pleasure, I formed a second English Glee and Madrigal Union, consisting of Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Freeman, Mr. Inkersall, Mr. Joseph Wood, of Huddersfield, Mr. Rhodes, of Wakefield, and myself. We practised with all the enthusiasm of young folks, and accomplished our tasks wonderfully, especially when it is considered that these ladies and gentlemen had not been accustomed to subdue their voices; on the contrary, power was their chief aim, and those who sang loudest were frequently the most in demand. By dint of perseverance, however, we overcame every difficulty, and certainly sang the glees better than any other party in or out of London since the existence of the original society. Our first concert was given at the Cheltenham Pump Room, Harrogate, (then held by Mr. Gordon,) on Saturday evening,

September the 13th, 1856. Amongst other things, we sang, 'The Silver Swan,' 'O snatch me swift,' 'When winds breathe soft,' 'Where art thou, beam of light?' 'Let me careless,' &c., &c., with one intermediate act of Songs, a mode eventually adopted by the original party, as a means of relieving the monotony of glee after glee.'

Our second concert was at the Town Hall, Scarborough, on the 17th September, 1856. After a time I left Wakefield to reside at Manchester, but as the climate did not agree with me, I returned to London, between which, and Birmingham I now weekly travel, in order to attend pupils in both places.

Before I close my account of my career, I must pay some slight tribute to those brother and sister artists, who not only were great in their walk, but still it is a grateful task; for what is more delightful than to recall the pleasures we have derived from perfection, no matter in what art that perfection may have been exhibited?

It was in this year, 1856, on Sunday, 17th February, that one of the greatest of English singers died, viz. Mr. John Braham. He formed a connecting link between the men of the present generation and their grandfathers. He is said to have been born in London in 1774, which, if correct, would have made him eighty-two when he died; I fancy, however, he was older, which suspicion is strengthened by his always withholding from his family his exact age. I believe the plate on his coffin, stated his years by guess. He was, take him altogether, a most extraordinary personage, highly gifted, and better educated than musicians generally; he had an expansive and creative mind, was gifted with a glorious voice, full, round, and flexible, master of many languages, whilst as a musical declaimer, he was perfect. Like most men of genius who have sprung from a Hebrew stock, he distanced, if not all, certainly most other competitors. The only branch of his art in which he may be said to have failed was as an actor; as such, he was scarcely tolerable, but

when he sang, the master mind hid all other defects.

Passing, then, from him to the next legitimate heir of his glorious throne, stands our present inimitable tenor Sims Reeves, an artist who has seen much of the vicissitudes of his profession, much of its difficulties and annoyances, struggles and disappointments, but who, having heroically buffeted with all, now stands the greatest tenor of the day. In criticising the merits of a vocalist, nothing is to me more unfair or invidious than comparisons with others; let each artist rest upon his own merits, and not be condemned because he has possibly not the power or the liking to execute some one particular piece of music as well, as grandly, or as clearly as his predecessor. That Mr. Reeves is far superior in many things to those who have gone before him I have no hesitation in saying. I would merely instance two things which I have heard Mr. Reeves sing, far superior in tone, style, and declamation to any one who has preceded him in my time, viz. 'Waft her,

angels, to the skies,' and 'How vain is man.' Mr. Sims Reeves is a great artist; but in expressing my humble opinion of one man, it must not for a moment be thought that I am condemning others. We have many tenors, and as many peculiar qualities in each, some having a gift for one style of song, others for another, and all in their way exceedingly effective.

How many I have heard say of me when in my zenith, "Phillips sings remarkably well, but he is not a Bartleman." This did not annoy me, for though I knew that if I had laboured for ever I never could have sung Pergolesi's 'O Lord, have mercy,' to compare with Mr. Bartleman, I knew at the same time perfectly well, that I could execute fifty other things a thousand times better than he could. My effects were made after my own fashion, and I always disregarded comparisons, till at last being left without a rival, I stood alone; not on account of my own merit, as because there did not happen at the time to be

any one who could come up to my mark. Since those days we have had some excellent basses and baritones, such as Mr. W. H. Weiss, Mr. Santley, Mr. Lawler, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Winn, &c., &c. Mr. Santley, strange to say, I have not yet heard, but if report speaks true, he must be an excellent artist. Our contraltos have never equalled in number the sopranos or baritones. The first genuine contralto I can remember was Miss Love; Miss M. Tree could scarcely come under that head, her voice being really a mezzo soprano, which is frequently mistaken for contralto in the present day. Many ladies having that character of voice call themselves contraltos, when, in fact, they are no more entitled to rank as such, than I to call myself a tenor. The genuine contraltos since the first I mentioned, have been Miss Dolby, Pisaroni, and Miss M. B. Hawes. The soprani have, indeed, been great that I have known: Catalani, Pasta, Grisi, Sontag, Malibran, Jenny Lind, Miss Paton, Clara Novello, Miss Birch, Madame Caradori, Allen, Mrs. Salmon, Miss

Stephens, &c., &c. This is in itself a wonderful list; the tones of each I can recall to my recollection, sufficiently to hear them all again as I write. I must not omit the mention of two great lady pianistes, Mrs. Anderson and Arabella Goddard. Mrs. Anderson was, I believe, almost self taught, and was certainly the first lady who introduced to our notice the great works of Mozart, Beethoven, and others of undying celebrity. She suffered much from nervousness when about to play in public; indeed, I may say she was painfully nervous, as I have often witnessed, but she assumed the power of a giantess when once seated at her instrument. Miss Goddard has had the advantage of all the great masters, and has as certainly done honour to each.

Of our musical institutions, those of Exeter Hall are the most worthy of notice. They are masterly and beneficial; and long may they progress both in patronage and power. Were it not for them, the sacred school would, I fear, soon lose its hold of the public. In the two

Academies of Music one thing is sadly lost sight of; that is, not having any English master to instruct the pupils in sacred and secular vocal music. Certainly, in England, that ought to be the first consideration, instead of the first to be discarded.

Our English musicians, admirable musicians as they certainly are, not having succeeded as oratorio writers, have adopted choral cantatas as their themes; in which Sterndale Bennett, Benedict, Macfarran, Mr. Henry Leslie, and others, have been most successful. These cantatas are but improvements on the olden fashion of composing masques, in which Arne so distinguished himself. The subjects, however, are very agreeable, and I fancy in many instances might be dramatised with advantage. I ventured to write a sacred cantata, entitled, 'A Day of Devotion;' likening a day to the life of man. This was first performed in Huddersfield, when I was gratuitously assisted by an excellent chorus; as also by Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Freeman, Miss Crossland, Mr. Inkersall, Mr. Joe Wood, and

Mr. Richard Garner. There is a duet in this for two basses, which Mr. Garner sang with me in a most admirable manner, and which produced a really electric effect. The singing of Mrs. Sunderland was particularly fine; her magnificent voice and flexibility telling with wonderful effect in the song and chorus, 'Now let the pealing organ sound His praise.' Inkersall, and, indeed, all my kind friends, exerted themselves to the utmost, and with their warm Yorkshire hearts, presented me gratuitously with their services. I do adore those two counties, Yorkshire and Lancashire, and their inhabitants. There are no finer, nobler people on the face of the globe, and none possessing greater enthusiasm for the divine art.

I have still such a multiplicity of things to speak of, that it becomes a difficult task to break off. I am warned, however, that the time has arrived, and that if I have anything more to say, it must be at some future period.

I will, then, only refer to my farewell con-

cert, given in London, at the St. James' Hall, on the 25th of February, 1863. On this occasion, my musical brethren rallied round me with more than ordinary kindness. Amongst those to whom I am indebted, I may enumerate (to take them in rotation as they sang) a chorus of sixty voices from the Sacred Harmonic Society, Exeter Hall, influenced by Mr. Carmichael, one of the gentlemen of the committee; Mr. Young, Miss Rose Hersee, Messrs. Francis Montem, Smith, Frederick Walker, Miss Ransford, Miss Poole, Madamoiselle Mariot de Beauvoisien, Guilio Regondi, Madame Weiss, J. Balsir Chatterton, Sims Reeves, Mrs. Merest, John Francis Barnett, Mr. Ransford, Mr. Weiss; Benedict and J. L. Hatton, the conductors. It was at this concert I first introduced my daughters, Florence, and Alice; the former of whom has retired from the profession, whilst the latter, Alice, is in possession of a pure and extraordinary contralto voice, which will, I trust, from her high mental powers, musical education, and knowledge of all standard works, sacred and

secular, preserve my name in the annals of the musical world.

'My concert would have been graced by the presence and assistance of Madame Sainton Dolby and her husband, Madame Arabella Goddard, and Madame Parapa, as also by that of Miss Palmer, Mr. Balfe, and Mr. Santley; but that, unfortunately, either through illness, or because of engagements at a distance from London, they could not be with me.

'I am now compelled to conclude the story of my career, which I may liken to the first diagram we use in perfecting the voice; that is to say, I began *pianissimo*, ascended in a gradual *crescendo*, till I became *fortissimo*; then descended the opposite line of gradation, and made a *diminuendo*, until I came down to *pianissimo* again. *Piano* it may be now, as far as public reputation goes, but *forte*, in my recollection and estimation of the good that has been done me—of the praise bestowed upon me, and of all the friends that I have ever known; to whom I trust these volumes may prove acceptable.

To those whom I do not know; to whom these pages can bring back no olden memories —no pleasant thoughts of days past for ever— I can only say, that I trust they will judge of me and my Recollections as kindly as they can; and, at all events, "speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

THE END

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